

**World's
Most
Amazing
Women**

See pages 8 & 9

JOHN BULL



TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1645.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

for XMAS GIFTS



INGERSOLL LEGION
Code No. 1-4
Chromium Case. Oval Bow and
Pendant. Unbreakable Crystal.
Silvered Metal Dial with Gold
Figure Ring.
Code No. 1-5 (Radiolite Black
Figure Ring 10/6.)



INGERSOLL LEADER
Code No. 3-3
See the time in
the dark! Nickel
Case. Strong
Leather Strap.
White Dial. Radiolite Hands,
and Figures on black circle.
Unbreakable Crystal. 9/6.



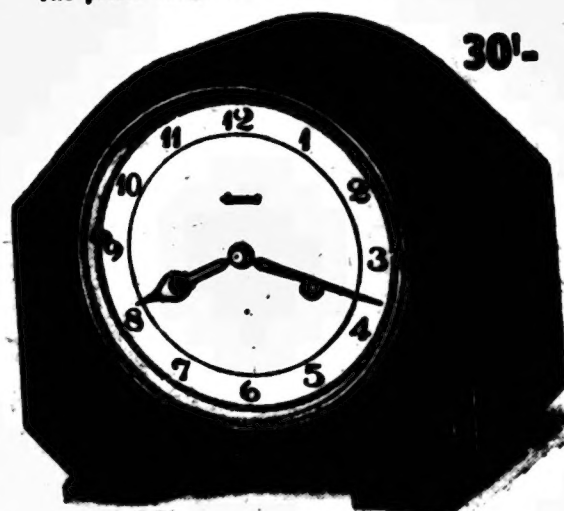
INGERSOLL LEGION TONNEAU
Code No. 228
Chromium Tonneau
shaped case with
Round Unbreakable
Crystal. Strong Leather Strap.
Silvered Metal Dial. 15/-.
Code No. 228. (Radiolite with
Black Dial, 20/-)



INGERSOLL REX RECTANGULAR
Code No. 210
A very attractive and popular
model. 7-jewelled movement.
Chromium Case. Fitted with an
Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered
Metal Dial 25/- Code No. 211.
(Radiolite Dial, 30/-)



INGERSOLL LEGION MIRAGE
Code No. 226
Chromium Case.
Mirage Shape.
Silk Band.
Unbreakable
Crystal. Silvered
Metal Dial. 15/-



INGERSOLL LEGION MANTEL CLOCK Code No. 4-4
A strikingly handsome 8-day Clock in Dark Oak Case with half-hour
strike movement. Full silvered metal dial with very clear, modern
figures. Size 8 in. by 8 1/2 in. Built to give a lifetime of accurate time-
keeping, looks perfectly "at home" in any room. Price 30/-

Why not give Ingersoll Watches and Clocks this Xmas? They make ideal gifts that are always appreciated. And you can give an Ingersoll with confidence; each model is soundly constructed, well designed, specially tested and adjusted to ensure hardwear and reliability.

The watch models we illustrate are 1/3rd actual size and the Clock 1/3rd actual size. Ask any Ingersoll Accredited Agent to show you them. The prices range from 5/- to 64/-.

SOLD BY INGERSOLL ACCREDITED AGENTS EVERYWHERE
INGERSOLL LTD., REGENT STREET AND KINGSWAY, LONDON.

Ingersoll

**GUARANTEED
WATCHES & CLOCKS**

GREAT SOUVENIR ISSUE of "FILM WEEKLY"



VICTORIA THE GREAT

Herbert Wilcox's Own Story of the Year's Screen Classic

FILM lovers!—Classics!—don't miss this week's superb issue of "Film Weekly"—just out. It's a grand "VICTORIA THE GREAT" Souvenir issue—a complete pictorial record of the greatest historical film of the year. There are pages of remarkable pictures, all in photographs—human, intimate, romantic episodes—brilliant scenes of court life and ceremony—vivid pictures that recall all the pomp and splendour of the Victorian Age—film "style" that makes you live again this momentous period of England's history. Herbert Wilcox tells in his own graphic words how he produced this great masterpiece—fascinating, intimate secrets of Anna Neagle's life in pictures—the story of Anton Wallbank's film career—it's all here—a complete record of an outstanding screen achievement.

And all the splendid regular features of "Film Weekly" are in this grand issue—intriguing secrets of stars and star-makers—scores of lovely pictures, reviews of all the latest films—it's a magnificent three-penny worth—an issue you MUST NOT MISS. The demand for "Film Weekly" is tremendous—hurry for your copy NOW.

NOW ON
SALE
3^d
EVERYWHERE

FILM WEEKLY

JOHN BULL'S

HURRY!
ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS!

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Vouchers—one worth 2/9, the other 7/6—accepted as CASH in part payment of "John Bull's" complete Writing Set—are valid until December 31st. Don't miss this final opportunity to obtain the most sensational offer of the year. There's no time to lose. Attach Gift Voucher or Vouchers to Gift Orders and post to-day.

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER * FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The 2/9 Voucher on the left below will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 2/9 Writing Set. The new-look Pen, handily closed, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever ejection device. The 14-cent gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Erepsated" Feed, fitted with a pre-vent-cup movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" point-clip and extra ink. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

The 7/6 Voucher on the right below will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 7/6 Writing Set. The Pen has three ball points of 14-cent GOLD NIBS. It has a set of 14-cent GOLD NIBS with a tip of iridium. The latest lever ejection device. The "Erepsated" Feed, fitted with a pre-vent-cup movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" point-clip and extra ink. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

ONE or BOTH

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull's" Pen Dept., 27a, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which gives me 2/9 cash in part payment of the "John Bull's" 2/9 Writing Set. I enclose 7/6 for the postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which gives me 7/6 cash in part payment of the "John Bull's" 7/6 Writing Set. I enclose 2/9 for the postage and insurance, making 7/6 in all.

NAME
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
If you desire BOTH SETS and the two Vouchers and a Royal Order for 2/- only.

With Stamp to Show Sent.

Send Cheque or Postal Order to Dept. and make payable to "John Bull's."

WRITTEN
2-YEAR
GUARANTEE
WITH EACH
SET

WRITTEN
5-YEAR
GUARANTEE
WITH EACH
SET

John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
2/9
No. A/58971

John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
7/6
No. B/58971

DECEMBER 25, 1934

RUGS GIVE

The Flannel rug is the most popular of all. It is soft, warm, and comfortable. It is also very durable and easy to clean. It is a must for every home.

Asbestos Gases
Delivery England and Wales
THAMES UTILITY BOILER
RENT. (Props. 1 Thames
Inst. 40 years.)

FREE
BRILLIANT
TUTOR
with every
copy

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BRILLIANT
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with every
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★PROFESSIONAL
PLAY
6-STRING SPANISH GUITAR

£60 Only.

Factory's surplus must be sold. An opportunity of a lifetime to acquire one of these handsome mahogany finished guitars with spruce sound-board and Mother-of-Pearl fretted electric round sound chamber. A professionally strong regulation model with semi-solid top & 6 strings. **YOU** will easily be able to play haunting melodies within half an hour. Set complete with tuner for the unaccompanied price of only £5, post and packing 6d. No more to pay.

OXFORD STREET STORES
(Bank & J. P. Co.)
7, Oxford Street, London, W.1
1st Floor, Next door, Tottenham Court Road Tube.

Craven 'A'—the gift that is always popular

100 for 5/-

Greetings

100

a Merry

100

Craven 'A'
quality is
sure to please

READY TO POST

Sign your name on the personal Greetings card, and your Gift is ready to post.

P EOPLE do appreciate the extra touch of quality in Craven 'A'—for they smoke more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarettes in the world. Here then, is a gift which is sure to please. The red and gold Greeting Boxes, decorated with holly and mistletoe, are so convenient and inexpensive to buy—just sign your name on the greetings card on the back, and your gift is ready to post. Give Craven 'A'—the Christmas present that is always welcome!

25 for
1/3

Give these to friends you normally send Christmas Cards.

40 for
2/-

A size that ladies often prefer—it fits in their hand-bags easily.

50 for
2/6

Many people prefer the flat packet fifty for their convenience

100 for
5/-

A popular size. Makes a convenient 'long Christmas week end' supply.

150 for
7/6

Your business friends would appreciate this personal expression of good-will

200 for
10/-

Just right in the home! Send one to Father or Mother!

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD. — 150 years Reputation for Quality.

C.A. 505

STRAIGHT FROM

**Our Victor
Little Old
Private D**

LOOK out for some startling closures when the Government introduces its Bill to curb pushers in the New Year. We know they will be startling cause most of the information is duplicated in our files. We have been generally regarded as having been extremely outspoken in our campaign. You'd be surprised if we could have been libel laws didn't provide such a refuge for rogues like Jacob Fattorini and his ilk.

Very Refreshing

Anyhow, watch Tom Johnston. What he has already revealed the share-pushers to a stirred House earned him a well-merited commendation from the Government benches, way—is only a foretaste of what is in store for him. It is all very refreshing to us who have been fighting so long. Our fight is described for you on page 7.

Politicians Favoured

The New Year's Honours List is complete. In the House the general resigned in favour of younger men and favourites for peerages. We don't begrudge them, although think politicians, particularly soldiers, are getting more than their share of honours, the professions of science and learning, too little.

Suggestion for U.S.A.

There is growing support in America where few now believe we can afford that £100,000,000 war debt—for a suggested new arrangement. That is that the U.S. should be satisfied with our granting scholarships to our institutions of learning—cleverest of her students—to a reasonable annual limit. That's the best idea yet!

Revelations Ahead

Look out for an all-round attack on the House on Mr. Herwaldt, Minister of Pensions, deserves it. It will be a real "Ramsbottom" effort. Members are thoroughly satisfied with his pensions' administration, especially in relation to ex-servicemen—about which, look out for more revelations!

Another Complete

We are happy about one revolution. We announced recently that we got a 10 per cent. increase of pay from September, 1939, for a British soldier. Now we have done it again! Dagenham reader. He is already the arrears!

Strange Assertion

Pantomime again next week. "Little old lady passing by, everyone's eye" tipped as a moistening song-hit. People who weep about her are able to be imagining her as a pensioner with a lot of gnawing about the increasing cost of living.

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Our Victory Over Share-pushers Little Old Lady's 10/- Pension Private Detective Clean-up

LOOK out for some startling disclosures when the Government introduces its Bill to curb share-pushers in the New Year.

We know they will be startling, because most of the information is already duplicated in our files.

We have been generally regarded as having been extremely outspoken in our campaign. You'd be surprised how outspoken we could have been if the libel laws didn't provide such a safe refuge for rogues like Jacob Factor and his ilk.

Very Refreshing

Anyhow, watch Tom Johnston. What he has already revealed about the share-pushers to a stirred House—it earned him a well-merited compliment from the Government benches, by the way—is only a foretaste of what is coming, even from Tom himself.

It is all very refreshing to us. We have been fighting so long. Our battle is described for you on page 7.

Politicians Favoured

The New Year's Honours List is complete. In the House the generals who resigned in favour of younger men are favourites for peerages.

We don't begrudge them, although we think politicians, particularly, and soldiers, are getting more than their fair share of honours, the professions, art, science and learning, too little.

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That is that the U.S. should be satisfied with our granting scholarships in our institutions of learning for the cleverest of her students—to a fixed and reasonable annual limit.

That's the best idea yet!

Revelations Ahead

Look out for an all-round attack in the House on Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham, Minister of Pensions. And he deserves it.

It will be a real "Ramsbotham must go" effort. Members are thoroughly dissatisfied with his pensions' administration, especially in relation to ex-Service men—about which, look out for revelations!

Another Completed

We are happy about one revelation. We announced recently that we had got a 10 per cent. increase of pension from September, 1919, for a Stroud ex-soldier.

Now we have done it again, for a Dagenham reader. He is already rustling the arrears!

Strange Assertion

Pantomime again next week, with "Little old lady passing by, catching everyone's eye" tipped as the eye-moistening song-hit.

People who weep about her will probably be imagining her as an old-age pensioner with a lot of gnawing anxiety about the increasing cost of living under

her lavender and lace, and hurt at Government's curious assertion that her 10s. is going further.

Deficit Ahead

National balance-sheet for last nine months will be in your hands in about a week.

You will groan when you see what deficit you will have to make up in the next three months.

Anyhow, the figures won't be cooked. We have no wizard like Mussolini to make bankruptcy look like prosperity, as he did a week ago.

The Red Light

Faster and faster come the letters telling us duties of drivers and conductors are being merged on local buses.

Latest is from Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

Is labour so very scarce, the highway so very safe?

Disgorging Letters

Post-office business increases, but pillar-boxes get no bigger.

Certain London boxes sometimes get so full—especially now that Friday night is pools night—that they disgorge letters through their mouths.

At Hamble, Hants, wise people lift batches of letters out to put their own missives well down!

Protect Army Horses

Horse-lovers make no apology for beginning in Christmas week their campaign against the present methods of selling Army horses "demobbed" from mechanised cavalry units.

If their allegations are true that many unscrupulous dealers are buying-in, that the scandals of the Army horses left behind in Belgium look like being repeated here, the quicker and harder they kick officialdom the better.

Nearly Another One

An employer-reader down Somerset way wanted to engage a worker under eighteen from the employment exchange—didn't know what restrictions applied.

Employment exchange didn't know, asked him to ring Ministry's Industrial Relations Department at Bristol, who put him on to juvenile section, who suggested boys' department, who asked him to ring Trade Board's Inspectorate, who referred him to office of H.M. Factory Inspector, who was able to oblige.

Anyhow, that 108,964 increase in unemployment nearly became 108,965.

Bland Intimidation

The District Bank, Britain's seventh biggest, and mainly centred in Lancashire, has asked its staffs to volunteer the information that they are not members of the Bank Officers' Guild, bankers' trade union.

Subtle that. And, seeing that rises and promotions are announced in January, not calculated to encourage a happy Christmas.

Foolish Cyclist Move

We hope the families of cyclists who intend to swarm over Western Avenue in fancy dress on Christmas Day, ignoring cyclists' paths in protest, persuade them to stay at home.

Western Avenue, Hammersmith, is the continuation of Westway, Britain's worst road of death for little children. There will be empty chairs at Christmas tables.

Parents who will not want the wrangling of road-users to intrude on their memories.

Christmas Day Loss

For countless thousands, Santa Claus among them, temporary employment ends on Christmas Eve. Next signing-on day for benefit: the following Tuesday.

A chance for the Minister of Labour to make December 25 count as signing-on day and so shower some much-needed Christmas pennies from heaven.

To Avoid Collisions

For a fortnight, since the Scottish train disaster horror, the railway companies have been so diffident about steel coaches that we'll ask them another question.

These two trains collided in a snow-storm. What has happened to the in-

One London furrier who always says the fur coat you saw in the window is sold, will give you name of buyer if you are insistent. For seven years it has been the same woman.

"Partners wanted," advertises a crook in provincial newspapers. But it is money he wants. Having got it from dozens of applicants as bonds for honesty, he has decamped.

"Ware the frequenter of housing estates who offers the Show House at £200 reduction "to clear estate" if you will pay immediate deposit. It isn't his house to sell.



Your
Watchdog
Barks!

"Your husband ordered it. Two shillings to pay," uttered at back-doors by a man handing over big bundles of what proves to be rubbish, has tricked housewives in Leicester, Derby and Nottingham.



A BRITISH
INSTITUTION

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.1.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, December 25, 1937.

vention which was going to enable drivers and signalmen to converse through the rails, and which was to have made such accidents impossible?

Clean-up First

Private detectives are preparing a Parliamentary Bill, seeking to make their profession a closed one.

There ought to be a devil of a lot of chucking out before they slam the door!

R.A.F. Callousness

With a week to go, Air Force casualties are already 50 per cent. up on those of last year, when there were ninety-six killed.

A horrible, if unavoidable, price to pay for expansion.

Equally horrible, but avoidable this time, the fact that the parents of one of the most recent victims received their dead boy's personal effects back C.O.D. That represents callousness in excelsis.

Earlier Pay

Enquiries we have made show that thousands of workers will get their wage-packets at the very last minute before Christmas. No Christmas shopping joys for their wives.

Well-meaning employers who just didn't think of it can make amends. What about Friday night pay-outs in future?

Wives will bless you.

Not So Safe

"You feel so very safe in England!" Yet Mr. Smedley, of Clapham Road, Liverpool, tells us he doesn't.

His friend, victim of a car accident near Chester, lay bleeding two hours without medical attention. Then a fleet of four ambulances arrived.

Proper Due

Edward Forristal, of Bedminster Down, Bristol, who pushed a knife down the mouth of his twelve-year-old son John and cut his throat at the back for playing too noisily, for which a Bristol Bench has imprisoned him for six weeks, should be sent to a specially uncomfortable prison.

A Filthy Quack

Last seen at Greenock, only last week, a door-to-door quack "optician" who persuaded young wives to don spectacles and then held before them contraceptive literature foully illustrated.

May the first husband who meets him be a hard-hitter!

New Subject Wanted

Royal Institute of British Architects, who have chosen "Architecture and the Next Slump" for forthcoming discussion, should choose again.

On page 11 Mr. A. G. Gardiner tells you how slump talk may influence slumps.

Hymn of Hate

POET'S
CORNER

I've husbands in the U.S.
And some in Jericho,
And now that I'm in England
I'll have another go.
The first you see was faithless
And next I was to blame.
The third was in a mad-house,
So I wouldn't keep his name.
The fourth proved incompatible
And quarrelled, he with me—
So now I come to Church again
Until we disagree!
K. Maclean, 23, Victoria Grove,
Heaton Chapel.
Our reader, who expresses him-
self against Church remarriage for
the divorced, suggests the above—
sung to tune of "Jerusalem, My
Happy Home"—as wedding hymn
for such ceremonies.

Eye-Wash

"You pay to see the machine work,"
say the notices displayed on gambling
machines in amusement arcades. And
that, apparently, the law accepts.
Well, I have just seen an unemployed
man pay 15s. to see 120 performances,
another 10s. 3d. for 123 shows, a sixteen-
year-old boy all his pocket-money for a
monotonous series of performances.
And their faces registered—sheer
misery.—Charles G. Tye, 15, Morteyne
Road, Tottenham, London, N.

Comments a high police official:
"But what can we do if local bench
accepts that these poor fevered devils
pay to see the machines work? Many
benches do."

Wind Up

We all know that the policeman has
ceased to be a bogey-man to children.
Nowadays, in many towns I have
visited, one can get immediate obedience
from a child by telling him: "If you
don't be a good boy I'll take you away to
the clinic."—John Weston, 87, Lisvane
Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

We don't wonder, judging by some
of the complaints that reach us.

See for Yourself

Liverpool Corporation didn't want my
son as a tram conductor.
Said he was medically
unfit.

So he passed three
doctors and joined—the
Guards.

Look at him at
eighteen, after six weeks'
training, and sum him
up for yourself.—Mrs.
Florence Reece, 33, Sand-
hays Street, Liverpool, 4.

No medical examina-
tion, apart from that
for Service air-pilot's
ticket, is stricter than
that of the Guards.

Making Neurotics

My little niece, aged seven, came home
from her school where they tell them
all about the horrors of the wars in
China and Spain to ask us: "But they
would never drop bombs on little
children, would they?"

But she knows, poor little soul. She
wakes at night screaming that bombs
have dropped on the house, and that it

Brain-Wave

INVENTOR'S
CORNER

Why not join the stamps sold in
automatic machines side-to-side, in-
stead of top-to-bottom?

How much easier to stick on a line
of them, particularly on wet days.—
Charles Miller, 87a, Forth Place,
Bo'ness, West Lothian.

Designers of automatic machines
have tried and tried to perfect such
a machine. Extra width of roll
would call for more delicate
mechanism, would increase by
about 10 per cent. the possibility of
error in a machine already more
liable to make mistakes than any
other type of automatic machine.

VOICE OF
THE PEOPLE

has caught fire.—L. A. Cotton, "Kory-
nuk," King John's Road, Kingswood,
Bristol.

If such little children are to be told
about war, they should be told of the
acts of mercy and humanity of the
British Navy in saving little children.

Brand 'Em

Compel married men to wear wedding
rings, as their wives are expected to do.
Perhaps this would stop a few entangle-
ments and ease the divorce situation.
—E. G. Rook, Yew Tree House, Bassen-
thwaite, Keswick, Cumberland.

Of 4,888 "innocent parties" granted
divorces in last full year, 2,280 were



husbands. During some Law Terms
guilty wives outnumber guilty
husbands. Anyhow, bearing in mind
that many men choose to be guilty
parties out of self-styled chivalry, it
is difficult to think that wedding
rings make much difference.

Baby Malaria

I went to register our little daughter
as Valerie, and they have made her
Valeria.

When I got the birth certificate I
trembled at the thought that there
might have been one more mistake. We
might have had to call her Malaria for
the rest of her life!—Mrs. I. Carson, 6,
Parkside, Jedburgh, N.B.

Mistake doesn't matter. Correction
is easy in first twelve months. Regis-
trar will give you full details.

Real Zeal

My friend travels thirty miles every
Saturday to see the last half of the
local Association football match. He is
not well enough to watch through a full
ninety minutes. Unsurpassable en-
thusiasm, surely?—C. V. Cleaton, 20,
Bath Street, Rugby.

Arsenal report season-ticket holders
as far away as Wellingborough (sixty-
five miles) and Eastbourne (sixty-six
miles). Latter never misses a match.

Girl from G.P.O.

A young lady called from the G.P.O.,
asked whether we would care to put a
free call through to anyone, and then,
attaching a separate earpiece, timed
the operator with a stop-watch. I feel
disgusted with this un-English trick.—
William Walsh, 137, Market Street,
Earlestown, Lancs.

She was a visiting supervisor. G.P.O.
answer that, while she can test the
general operating of an Exchange, she
can find out nothing to the detriment
of any one girl. For obvious reasons,
she must use subscribers' phones.
Post Office assert strenuously that in-
formation so obtained is used solely to
improve service, never to catch out an
Exchange worker.

He Repents

Having met an old friend, and got a
little too convivial over a glass, I crept

Let's Hear YOU

ANY reader who has something to say
is invited to contribute to this page.
10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published,
and an extra 10s. 6d. when a reader's
photograph is also used.

Mark envelope "Voice of the People,"
and address to JOHN BULL, 82, Long
Acre, London, W.C.2.

up to my door round about midnight to
hear the prayer: "Oh, save my hus-
band from the snares of Satan's ever-
eager hand. Save him from wretched-
ness and woe. Pluck him as a brand
from the fire."

My lesson has been so well earned
that I don't mind if you publish my
full name.—M. H. M., Dunriding Lane,
St. Helens, Lancs.

We'll save you from non-alcoholic
remorse by not giving your name.

Most Irregular

I have many Welsh friends named
Jones, and I suppose there is no more
common name to be found—yet I can-
not find a J in the Welsh language.—
"Suzanne," 34, Kingsley Road, Wal-
lasey, Cheshire.

There is no J in Welsh alphabet.
But J is printed as irregular to the
language. The people write of Jones
and speak of Jones just as Scots and
English people do.

Complicating Things

I bought a house on mortgage. Just
as the deal was going through the in-
surance company which was guarantee-
ing the building society against loss
asked me to pay another £50 to the
vendor.

I hadn't the money, but the vendor—
a solicitor—solved the problem with the
words: "That's O.K. I'll give you a
receipt that you've paid the money and
you give me a receipt telling me, in
effect, that you haven't."—W. L. Wim-
bledon.

All the solicitor did, in a highly
complicated way, was to lend £50
towards the deposit, which is often
done.



Still at War?

So That's That, Berwick

Thinking people in Berwick-on-Tweed
are convinced that they are independent
of both England and Scotland and that,
as a separate peace was not negotiated
on behalf of the town, Berwick-on-
Tweed is still at war with Germany.—
NORMAN GARDNER, 3, Dixon Avenue,
Ebbw Vale.

Scottish Office has often heard this
argument, admits that there is
CLAIMED to be something in an old
charter which is SUPPOSED to give
the border town this independence,
but adds: "In substance, Berwick-on-
Tweed is England, and must accept
the peace arranged on its behalf."

S O S

How does one get the R.B.C. to send
out an S O S?

My friend had her father dying. She
asked the police to approach the R.B.C.
to find her brother. But because it was
five years since the brother left home,
and they did not know his exact address,
the police said an S O S was impossible.
—E. Millar, 2, Brook Place, Coleraine,
Co. Derry.

R.B.C. says the mistake was to
approach the police instead of asking
hospital or doctor to get in touch with

—Now Hear US!

Considerable discussion will arise in
JOHN BULL homes when we announce a
gigantic Surprise after Christmas.

It's the greatest event in the history
of publishing—a stupendous sensation—
something hitherto undreamed of!

Be sure to watch JOHN BULL for
further details.

TALL STORY
CORNER

Took Roof

Fiction is hopelessly outpointed
what actually happened a few nights
ago in the Warrant Officers' and
Sergeants' Mess of the "Green
Howards," Richmond Barracks, York.

After the inter-company boxing
championship had been decided, the
trophy, a cup, was handed to the ser-
geant of the winning company, a well-
known teetotaler. "Fill it up!"

It appears structural alterations
were being made to the regimental
institute upstairs, but that detracts
little from the coincidence.

broadcasting people. They showed a
questionnaire your friend would have
been expected to answer. Question of
address of missing person doesn't arise
—merely "how long ago and in what
district was this person last heard
of?"

Whistling Postman

I have just heard that the G.P.O. has
turned down the request of Blagill,
Westmorland, for a
letter-box in which
residents can post
letters.

The villagers have
actually been in-
formed from London
that the postal autho-
rities intend, instead
to supply the district
postman with a
whistle "so that he
might make aware his
presence in the vil-
lage."—J. Kilner, 2,
Okgate Court, London, N.W.2.

This extraordinary story is officially
confirmed by the Post Office. (Surplus
last year: £16,625,341.)

P.O. Scales

I met a neighbour who is a very
economical housewife the other day.
She will go a long way to get food at
penny cheaper.

A sub-post office had asked her for
a shilling to send a parcel, and she was
going to the General Post Office to see
if they would do it cheaper. I found it
hard to keep a straight face before the
dear old soul.—F. F. F., Lewis Street,
Dowlais, Glamorgan.

The next reader supplies the neces-
sary comment.

Receiving on approval some goods that
were not suitable, I replaced them in
the same box, with the same packing
and string, and took them to the post
office.

"Eightpence, please," said the assist-
ant. And they had come for sevenpence.
—Mrs. G. Kay, 89, Deice Road,
Rochester, Kent.

Lesson in both cases: it is not un-
known for post office scales to get out
of adjustment.

DEBUNK
CORNERBad King
Wenceslas

Although every-
body pictures Good
King Wenceslas as a
benign, tottering
old greybeard, I
believe I am right in saying he died
in his thirties.—R. Lock, Clarence
Road, Exmouth, Devon.

You're not. German King Wen-
ceslas died 1219, aged 58, after a
drunken reign in which he was
variously accused of murder, dis-
advantage and selling titles. Weak
advantage and selling titles. Weak
advantage, the best thing he ever
did was to stand a meal to the
people who were gathering winter



DECEMBER 25, 1937

DECEMBER 25, 1937

Our

LOOKING back across
Year which is past
Marching for
of The Year which
JOHN BULL has engaged
of review and anticipation
We have measured
mated results which
future. And the sum total
able.

Soon a Government
duced into the House of
legislative effect the recom-
Board of Trade Committee

The appointment of
mittee was due largely to
made in our columns for
investigation of the w
share swindling carried

This journal was inv
before the Committee.

Members of the staff
than a month preparing
from our dossiers and rec

That lengthy document
of every share-pushing
country, with complete
methods.

Sir Wyndham Childs,
Investigation Department,
the committee, and submit
the basis of his revealing
Editor of "John Bull" were

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When the report of the
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warrants for their arrest

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Here are a few exam

Private Bills:
"Local Authorities

in connection with Hor
Bill, to provide for the
work for persons employ
with, hospitals and insti
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Readers will remember
the cause of the nurses ar
hospitals and municipal
shown the intolerable ha
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In our issue of July 10
"Nor will the present a
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—be ended until all are a
hour week. . . .

"Only by reforms wh
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Our Wonderful Year

LOOKING back across the work of The Year which is passing.

Marching forward to the promise of The Year which is beginning.

JOHN BULL has engaged in a mixed hour of review and anticipation.

We have measured achievement; estimated results which may lie behind the future. And the sum total of both is remarkable.

Soon a Government Bill will be introduced into the House of Commons to put into legislative effect the recommendations of the Board of Trade Committee on Share-Pushing.

The appointment of that special committee was due largely to the constant demand made in our columns for a complete official investigation of the wholesale stock and share swindling carried on within the law.

This journal was invited to give evidence before the Committee.

Members of the staff were engaged for more than a month preparing a statement compiled from our dossiers and records.

That lengthy document contained the names of every share-pushing firm operating in this country, with complete details of working methods.

Sir Wyndham Childs, Chief of "John Bull's" Investigation Department, was a witness before the committee, and submitted the statement as the basis of his revealing evidence. He and the Editor of "John Bull" were thanked by Sir Archibald Bodkin, Chairman of the Committee, for the great assistance they gave.

When the report of the Committee was issued the proposals put forward followed in their main lines the reforms we suggested.

For the new law, when it is passed, JOHN BULL can claim justly a large share of responsibility. What we said should be done to prevent victimisation of the public is to be made law.

Meanwhile, action is being taken by the Director of Public Prosecutions against a number of share-pushing concerns.

Each person so far prosecuted and punished was previously denounced in this paper. Other share-pushers have fled the country before the warrants for their arrest could be executed.

Fifteen successes

Again, in every instance, these absconding rogues were first unmasked by JOHN BULL.

During the present session of Parliament twenty-seven private Member Bills are ordered for second reading.

No fewer than fifteen of them seek to remedy scandals which we have denounced.

Here are a few examples from the list of private Bills:

"Local Authorities (Hours of Employment in connection with Hospitals and Institutions) Bill, to provide for the limitation of hours of work for persons employed in, or in connection with, hospitals and institutions under the control of local authorities."

Readers will remember how we have pleaded the cause of the nurses and others who labour in hospitals and municipal institutions. We have shown the intolerable hardships of their lives, cried for justice.

In our issue of July 10 last, this was written: "Nor will the present shortage of nurses—so grave that many hospitals may soon have to close—be ended until all are assured of a forty-eight-hour week."

"Only by reforms will 'the noblest profession a woman can have' be robbed of the dismay and disillusion which have made so many promising recruits leave it in disgust."

Again, only a few weeks ago, Dr. A. J. Cronin, the famous novelist, wrote at the request of the Editor of JOHN BULL a scathing denunciation of hospital nursing slavery.

When the Bill, outlined above, was introduced, a few weeks ago, its second reading was refused by the House of Commons.

Not that Members did not agree with the Bill. From both sides of the House came expressions of sympathy with the principle of the pro-

posed measure, and reiteration of the arguments on behalf of the nursing profession which JOHN BULL had made previously.

The only reason for the rejection was that the Bill was premature in view of the setting up of an Inter-departmental Committee on the conditions of the nursing services.

Indeed, the feeling was that the Bill did not go far enough.

Consequently the Committee will proceed with its enquiry along the lines of the JOHN BULL programme. And in due course another more comprehensive and stronger Bill is to be considered by Parliament.

"Street Playgrounds Bill, to empower local authorities to close streets to enable them to be used as playgrounds for children."

It was on September 25 that, in an article drawing attention to the appalling death and injury peril of the roads of Britain, we suggested that to save children's lives certain streets in congested districts should be reserved for them at fixed times.

Parliament is now asked to authorise what we pointed out should be done.

"Leasehold Property (Repairs) Bill, to amend the law as to the enforcement by landlords of obligations to repair and similar obligations arising under leases."

JOHN BULL, date August 21, carried a leading article, "Wicked Ring of Home-Snatchers," telling how owners of leasehold property in all parts of the country were being forced to pay ridiculously high demands for supposed dilapidations by syndicates which had bought the ground rents.

In one schedule of dilapidations, to which we referred, the unlucky owner of a house was commanded to replace all timber therein which contained a knot.

One reader, informed that the freehold of the land on which the house stood had been transferred, was invited to buy it from the new owners at an extortionate price.

On refusing he was bluntly told he would be served with a heavy list of repairs unless he changed his mind.

"This open blackmail," we said, "is indeed a common occurrence."

And, in February next, a Bill will come before the House of Commons to remedy the evil which we revealed in August last.

So we could continue through the catalogue of fifteen Parliamentary Bills—holidays with pay for all workers; reform of abuses in workmen's compensation; alteration in the constitution of juvenile courts in the Metropolis; remedies to certain aspects of hire-purchase. . . .

Other battle-fronts

Really, it could be claimed that what JOHN BULL says to-day Parliament is asked to accomplish to-morrow—even if that to-morrow is months after our to-day.

Now for other battle-fronts of our crusading. This paper was the first to give warning of the muddle and delay which would inevitably follow the Easier Divorce Act. We suggested that additional Divorce Court judges should be appointed.

It is admitted throughout the legal profession



What JOHN BULL says to-day, Parliament very often says to-morrow

that our forecast of what would happen is an unpleasant fact. Reforms in divorce procedure are to follow, particularly in relation to poor person cases. One extra judicial appointment has been made and others are contemplated.

"Grave Drinking Water Peril" was a subject which we raised in the early summer, arguing that epidemics of disease might occur in different districts if there was not a repeated overhaul of water supply systems.

In the autumn the County Borough of Croydon suffered its serious outbreak of typhoid fever. We must still await the result of the official enquiry, but recommendations may be enforced similar to those we outlined in July.

Next year's aims

Dealing, some time ago, with the war against maternal mortality, we described how "Flying Squads to save mothers" was the newest movement in that fight.

Three towns in Great Britain had these special mobile units—or "Flying Squads"—consisting of maternity ambulances, equipped with every necessity for emergency cases, and with staff nurse and trained midwife in attendance.

It was a first-class "human interest" story, and soon it was being taken up in newspapers up and down the land.

The publicity we initiated did service to the community. The mobile maternity unit is now adopted in many more towns. But for our first article, the country as a whole would never have learned of this latest and most important benefit to mothers.

Looking back across the work of The Year which is passing, WE CAN SAY THAT WE ARE PROUD OF OUR ACHIEVEMENTS.

Marching forward to the promise of The Year which is beginning, WE CAN SAY THAT WE ARE NOT SATISFIED.

So much that is gross, evil and unjust persists. The task ahead is heavy. Yet in good faith and high courage JOHN BULL enters The Year of 1938. Our resolution is the same as always—to carry the fight for Right and Justice into every corner of this land.



GERMANY—Fraulein is taken in hand from birth by Hitler's feminine counterpart

World's Most Amazing Women

EVERY day the Press proves this is an age of women. Women film stars . . . airwomen . . . sportswomen . . . women . . . women.

But it is not only the Garbos, the Jean Battens, the Dorothy Rounds who deserve the headlines.

Future historians will be a lot more interested in the women of to-day who exercise great power, influence the lives of millions, do much to change social life.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, our grandparents chanted. That was always true. What sets our age apart is that feminine counsel is no longer hidden and indirect.

Even a generation ago it would have been unthinkable for a mere woman to wield such authority as Mrs. Paul Caldwell Wilson. Never heard of her? Maybe you haven't. Yet she is one of the most important women in the world, and perhaps the best-hated woman in America.

Mrs. Wilson prefers to use her maiden name in public affairs. Then she becomes Miss Frances Perkins, U.S. Minister of Labour for the last four years.

Largely due to the ability of this little woman in the middle fifties, more than seven million people who were jobless and panic-stricken in 1933 are now working again. Factory pay-rolls alone are £23,000,000 higher a month than when she took office.

Homes have been safeguarded against wholesale foreclosures, investments made safer. She has driven through the National Labour Relations Acts to strengthen the workers' rights to freedom of association and collective bargaining.

It has not been easy going. Her own Party bitterly resents a woman holding

so big a job. Big Business regards her as the Devil's disciple.

Frances Perkins fights back. She goes on lashing the employers with scathing criticism, intervening in strikes. And she wins.

It all goes back to when, as a young teacher, she witnessed a factory fire in which 146 girls were burned to death.

That horror impelled her to study the factory laws. She became a factory inspector. Soon she was campaigning against sweat-shops and becoming known as the "fighting schoolma'am."

When Roosevelt became Governor of New York in 1929 he put her into his Cabinet as State Commissioner of Labour. She did so well that when he reached the presidential chair he summoned her to Washington.

So here she is—Madame Secretary to the officials in formal parlance and "Fanny" in their private conversation. They never see her without her hat—the celebrated brown tricorn hat with its clumsy veil which she always favours.

When she takes it off, she says, she feels it is time to play. So long as she wears it she continues to work.

And she often wears it for sixteen hours a day, to say nothing of the week-



U.S.A.—Miss Frances Perkins—continues to fight for the workers

ends she spends in tramping along the dim roads of coal mines.

The Mrs. Wilson of private life is very like the Miss Perkins of high office. She has two evening dresses and hardly ever gives them an airing. One of her best friends is her beautiful nineteen-year-old daughter, who works without pay in the Social Security Bureau. Sometimes,



THE EAST—Modern Young China emulates Paris or Hollywood with a vengeance

even in British newspapers, you see reports that Frances Perkins is to be dropped from the Cabinet. Perhaps they originate from the great industrialists, who detest her. Anyhow, Mr. Roosevelt does not take the hint.

So Frances Perkins continues to fight for the workers, make labour leaders balance tiny teacups in their laps and eat fancy cakes while they discuss their problems with her, recite figures by the half-hour—and to wear her old-fashioned hat.

As unlike her as Florence Nightingale was unlike Marie Antoinette is Germany's woman leader, the Reichfuhrerin, or, as Hitler calls her, "the perfect Nazi woman."

The destinies of 23,000,000 German women are largely in her hands. Yet, though she visited London last year, she is almost unknown here. Few of us have ever heard her real name, Frau Scholtz-Klink.

But she is worth watching.

A small, fair woman of thirty-four. Plump of figure. Grey-eyed. Her fresh complexion is unadorned by cosmetics. She speaks English fluently in her hard, clear voice.

For running six separate State departments she receives a bigger salary than Hitler. It's worth noting that she has a husband and four children, for she demands that every German girl should marry young and have at least four babies.

They are all under her thumb. At school the little girl joins the B.D.M., which is the girls' section of the Hitler Youth.

She is stuffed with Nazi ideas as well as taught games, and at seven knows about the race problem and why she should hate Jews.

Leaving school, she samples the Land

SPAIN—The rigours of civil war compel young women to join shock troops with their men

Year or the Household Year—working on farms or in domestic service.

Every year she must devote six weeks to unpaid housework in families which have many children, in looking after young mothers, or relieving mothers who work in factories.

When she grows up and marries she



GERMANY—Frau Scholtz-Klink, who controls 23,000,000 women and girls

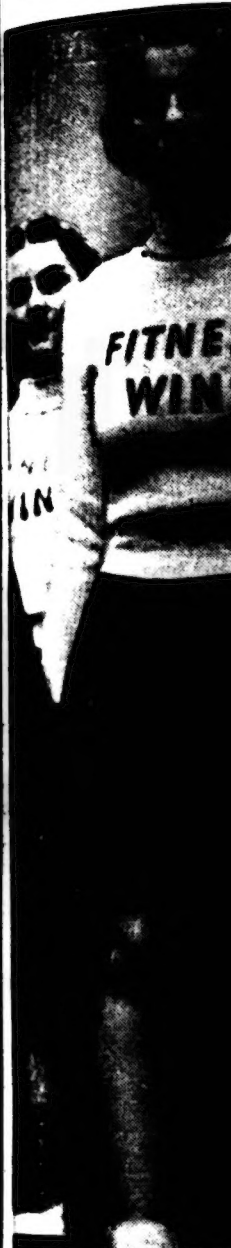
passes into the care of another organization run by Frau Scholtz-Klink, which trains her in all that becomes a true German parent.

If she works in a factory and has several youngsters, she will be sent in summer to a recreation camp with her infants, while a B.D.M. student takes her place at home to care for the older children.

It's pretty clear, then, why this stoutish woman is regarded as Hitler's echo and is the only member of her sex to wear the Golden Party Order.

Not so obvious, perhaps, why Isobel Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair (call her Lady Aberdeen) is reckoned as one of the greatest of living women.

She has held no high State office like



BRITAIN—For England leads the "Keeping

Miss Perkins or Frau Scholtz-Klink. For years she was "grandmother" to millions of women throughout the world, represented by the International Council of Women ("the Nations," as one states it), and her influence is still felt.

In her little white dress, the mixture of whisky and Highlanders call Athol her age—eighty.

But she tells you, did at forty," and proved a younger folk by performing the vigorous national dances of Slavia.

She made her first husband was Lord-Lieutenant of Scotland. She was appalled by the malnutrition in the Highlands.

Soon her organization did work in Great Britain and the Dominions. She campaigned against the lack of maternity allowances. She educated millions.

Yet, as the leader of the Commons has torship she might be

SPAIN—The rigours of civil war compel young women to join shock troops with their men

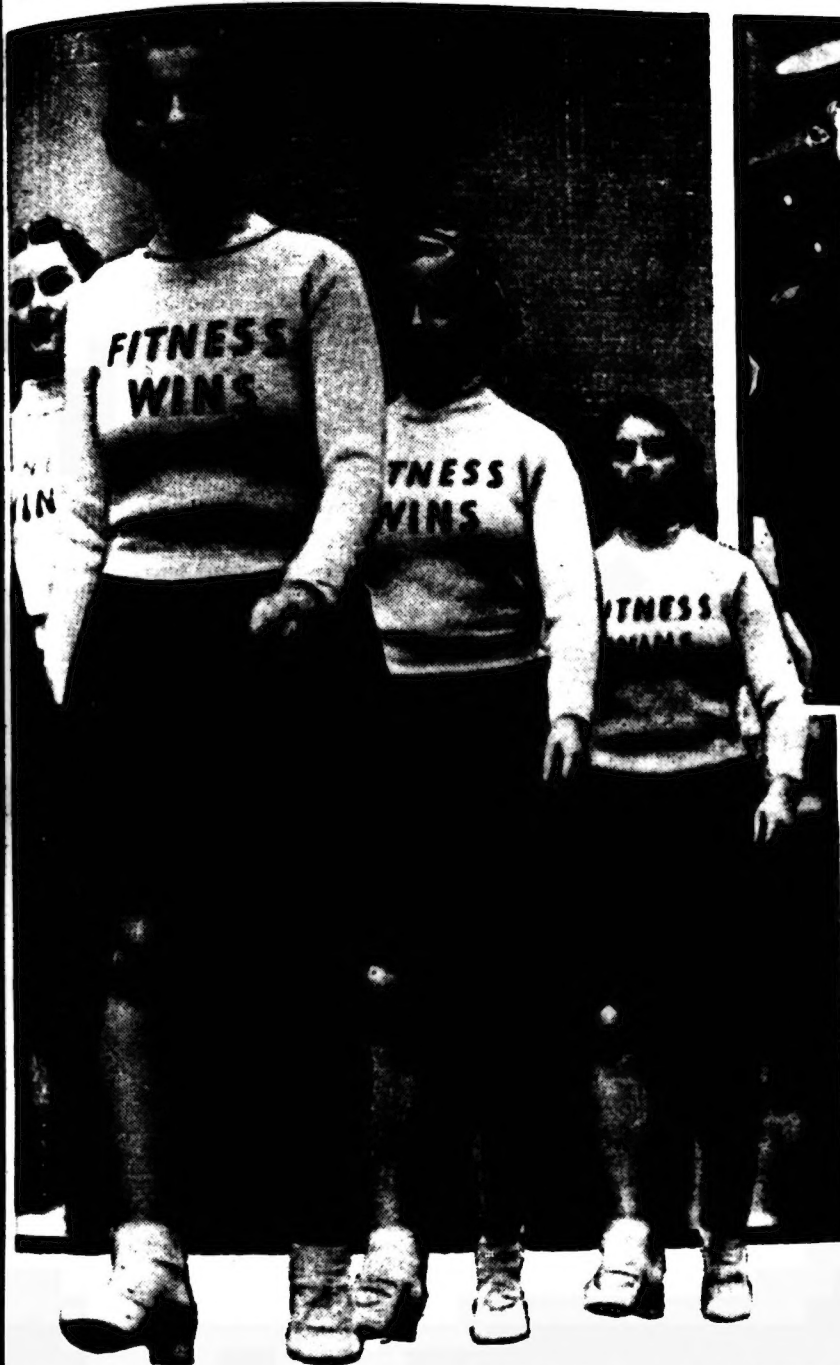
household Year—working domestic service. She must devote six weeks work in families which children, in looking after or relieving mothers' duties.

GERMANY—Frau Scholtz-Klink, who controls 23,000,000 women and girls

care of another organ—Frau Scholtz-Klink, which will that becomes a true

in a factory and has been sent in a factory with her S.D.M. student takes her to care for the older

clear, then, why this is regarded as Hitler's only member of her sex in the Party Order. Perhaps, why Isabel Aberdeen and Tennant (Aberdeen) is reckoned the greatest of living women, no high State office like



BRITAIN—Feminine Young England leads the campaign for "Keeping Fit"

Miss Perkins or Frau Scholtz-Klink. But for years she was "grannie" to the forty million women throughout the world represented by the International Council of Women ("the first League of Nations," as one statesman has described it), and her influence has been immense.

In her little white lace cap, sipping the mixture of whisky and honey which Highlanders call Atholl brose, she looks her age—eighty.

But she tells you, "I feel just as I did at forty," and proves it.

Only a little while ago she astonished younger folk by performing the Kolo, the vigorous national dance of Yugoslavia.

She made her first aeroplane flight at seventy-five, and has been president of more societies than anyone else.

Worth-while societies, too. At a dinner given in her honour last May, Sir George Newman, famous medical authority, described her Woman's National Health Association as one of the most remarkable voluntary organisations of our generation.

Lady Aberdeen founded it when her husband was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. She was appalled by the poverty and malnutrition in the Emerald Isle.

Soon her organisation was doing magnificent work in Great Britain and the Dominions.

She campaigned against tuberculosis. She made countries realise the importance of maternity and child welfare.

She educated millions in health matters. Yet, as the leader of the Liberal Party in the Commons has said, under a dictatorship she might be languishing in a

concentration camp instead of beginning an honoured retirement.

So might Rachel Crowdy, the most outspoken member of the Arms Commission, youngest D.B.E. ever created.

Does her title suggest a dowdy blue-stockings? Dame Crowdy dresses as elegantly as any frequenter of Bond Street and has a child's passion for sailing small boats.

The real wonder is how so delicate a woman has crammed so much endeavour and adventure into her life.

She has been shot at by Chinese bandits, escaped unhurt in a serious motor crash in France, lived in Manchuria during a bitter winter, travelled the length and breadth of Poland during a typhus epidemic, lectured in a different American town every night for months.

In her early thirties she was chief commandant of the V.A.D.s in France. After the war she spent twelve years with the League of Nations fighting the drug traffic and caring for women and



BRITAIN—Dame Rachel Crowdy—most outspoken member of the Arms Commission

children. Her refugee work will long be remembered.

Naturally, most of those who appear in our gallery of great women have won distinction for helping their less fortunate sisters and the young. Will this side of woman's work ever be done?

In many countries women have yet to be enfranchised. In many countries children are still treated as badly as



U.S.A.—The Paradise for women. Yet here a fighter for freedom has to struggle

slaves. Japanese women toil long hours in the factory for a few shillings a week. Some day, let us hope, a woman will release them from their bondage.

In parts of China children are set to work as soon as they can toddle; women may not dance with men, smoke, wear sleeveless frocks, work as waitresses or walk with their husbands on the pavement.

Still, China can boast of one extraordinary woman. But the interests of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek lie in the realm of higher politics.

Before she married Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief Chiang in 1928, she was a Miss Soong. All the Soongs are Christian. Within a few years she had converted her husband to Methodism.

Rising early, she reads the foreign newspapers for him, deals with foreign correspondence. She is present at all his meetings, his councils with generals.

They dine alone. After dinner they work again till late at night.

When Chiang led the Government forces against Communist armies or war lords this cultured woman went with him to the battle-fronts as his aide-de-camp.

For years it has been said that there



THE EAST—Madame Kai-Shek plays a master's part in Chinese affairs

are four real rulers of China—Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife, Dr. Kung and his wife. The two women are sisters and close friends.

Now austere, never-smiling Chiang has resigned from the premiership to devote his whole time to fighting the Japanese invaders.

Dr. Kung is the new Prime Minister. Madame Chiang will therefore continue to play a master's part in Chinese affairs.

Contrast her with Dr. Mary Woolley, the only American woman delegate to the Disarmament Conference, whose influence upon educated American woman is unrivalled. She has spent her life in preaching pacifism.

A sturdy, squarish woman, with alert eyes and hair that is still glossy despite her seventy-four years. Once she has spoken to you she never forgets you.

For thirty-six years a college president, her anti-war, religious, educational and labour activities have made her respected throughout the States.

Next meet a humbler teacher, Suzanne Lacore. For nearly forty years she has been a schoolmistress in the tiny French village of Ajat. For nearly forty years

she has also been an expert on child psychology, a Socialist propagandist, friend and adviser of the poor.

When M. Blum formed his Cabinet, Suzanne Lacore became a Minister. Shown into her room, you saw a woman dressed entirely in black, her greying hair confined by a velvet band.

You saw that the walls were hung with child studies, that among the desk telephones were statuettes of babies.

Into her tiny hands poured thousands of letters each week from poor parents to sick children, women who wanted divorce, people with all kinds of trouble. She answered them all.

She launched a great crusade to raise the falling birth-rate and improve the health of France's children.

Unfortunately, when M. Blum resigned, the new premier decided to respect political opinion in a country where women have not yet obtained full political rights.

Suzanne Lacore did not appear in the new Ministry. But her work goes on. Solaria for weak babies are springing up. Light, airy schools. Ante-natal clinics. Better treatment for the mentally deficient.

Or think of Caroline Haslett, who, after doing badly at school, started as an engineering apprentice and now leads



SPAIN—Donna Palencia, prominent in Spanish politics

the 7,000 members of the Electrical Association for Women; of Miss Margery Fry, the prison reformer.

Or Dame Louise McIlroy, brilliant surgeon specialising in maternity cases, who was uncrowned queen of Salonica for her war work, and shocks conservative doctors when she appeals for an end to "the dreadful amount of suffering forced on mothers in childbirth."

Britain can claim, also, an exceptional number of prominent women politicians. Lady Astor, Maggie Bondfield, the Duchess of Atholl, and half-a-dozen more.

In Spain there is Donna Palencia. In Czechoslovakia, Senator Plaminkova. Mrs. Roosevelt, by her speeches and newspaper articles, is exerting an influence on Young America that is difficult to exaggerate.

But one woman whose teachings have spread all over the world is no politician. Pay tribute to Maria Montessori, the pioneer of a system which, by improving children's minds, may have incalculable effects on the progress of civilisation.

Her kindergarten training has been adopted in every important country. There are even International Montessori Conferences, of which the fifth was held at Oxford this year.

She is an internationalist herself, this short, thick-set woman of sixty-seven. Born in Italy, she has lived in most European countries. In England, her methods were established in 1919.

The first to be granted a Doctor of Medicine's degree for work in a psychiatric clinic, she took up the education of defective children.

And with what results! Soon "sub-normal" youngsters were passing State examinations with honours.

What then, she asked, might be the chance with ordinary children? Convinced that accepted educational principles were wrong, she taught that self-education was the only way to reduce the tragic amount of wasted talent.

She has persuaded teachers to arouse the child's interest and encourage him to find things out for himself.

The world could do with more teachers like Madame Montessori, more social workers like Miss Perkins and Dame Crowdy. Never before has there been so great an opportunity for women to leave their mark upon history.

Come along, young women!

OPEN LETTERS

H.M. THE KING,
SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

Your Majesty,

This Christmas Day the thoughts of your subjects will be wholly with you, the Queen and your children, for some intimate and happy minutes.

Most of them will have in mind your last spoken message, when you said you looked for their support as, with your wife as helpmeet by your side, you took up the heavy task before you.

The first year of kingship now ended has demonstrated how needless it was to invite support.

You have won it—and affection also—by personal merit and self-sacrifice, your democratic instincts, and your quiet but confident dignity.

In the year that has passed, your Court has found new lustre as you have chosen for your friends and advisers men and women of high intellect, of wide knowledge and of integrity.

Their influence, your proved devotion to duty, a swift and resilient mind, and the serenity of your domestic life will continue to inspire your peoples' love and trust.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—From a score of municipal executives I have information showing that, on an average, it has been necessary to supplement old-age pensions from public assistance funds by about 5s. a week per recipient.

Otherwise, the workhouses would have been chock-a-block with aged poor this Christmaside.

Remind the Minister of this fact in your next memorandum to him on the plight of these 1,800,000 defenceless people. A State is best judged by the manner in which its worn-out citizens are treated.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Deplorable reports reaching me daily from all quarters testify to the sorry mess being made of the administration of your Over-crowding Act.

Landlords are not to blame. By law,



"Needless to invite support"

they must dispossess large families whose homes are too small by the standards you have fixed.

Default is wholly on the part of local councils, which have failed grievously to make necessary provision for re-housing. It is appalling, too, that many of the homes from which families have been evicted are standing empty—in numerous cases they have even been let by councils to people who are still unmarried.

What should have been the most beneficent piece of social legislation of 1937 is being outrageously thwarted.—JOHN BULL.

The Hon. O. PIROW,
Transport Minister, South Africa

DEAR SIR,—This Christmas British importers and the buying public have given unprecedented preference to South African produce.

Your gesture of reciprocity is chilling. It takes the form of an order for forty locomotives to Krupps, of Essen, a contract for fleets of Junker aeroplanes with American engines to Germany, and acceptance of a £1,250,000 tender by Holland for the foreshore development of Capetown.

British engineers may find your wine and fruit a trifle sour this week.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. A. GLOVER,
Chief M.O., Board of Education

DEAR DOCTOR,—Quarter of a million fourteen-year-old children left school for

work this week. Because of the stupid system of unloading them in mass, industry cannot absorb them all for some months.

Several of your schools doctors write to me deploring that great numbers of children rapidly deteriorate in health during the waiting period because the daily ration of cheap milk is suddenly withdrawn from them.

Your influence should be sufficient to have this provision made until the boys and girls become wage-earners.—JOHN BULL.

M.O. for HEALTH,
Bridport, Dorset

DEAR SIR,—So you would like to have for an amanuensis a male clerk whose qualifications include shorthand-writing and typing.

And you are willing to pay him 17s. 6d. a week. May you get value for your money.—JOHN BULL.

Lord MOTTISTONE,
Chairman, National Savings Association

MY LORD,—I am happy to record that the number of defaulting Christmas money clubs has this year been the lowest ever known. Loss on this occasion has been infinitesimal in proportion to the gigantic turnover.

Thanks are mainly due to you, who have at last succeeded in persuading 3,000 societies of the kind to place their funds in the custody of the savings movement.

Incidentally, this also provides depositors with better dividends than they previously obtained.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. A. WHITEHOUSE,
Chairman, Bretns, Sheffield

DEAR SIR,—You were astonished the other day to receive a letter offering a big block of shares in your own company at an absurdly low price.

Tens of thousands of similar offers are being sent out to shareholders of many reputable companies. All are bogus.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PERCY HARRIS, Bt., M.P.,
Morton House, London, W.

DEAR SIR PERCY,—First of your New Year resolutions, I believe, will be to force Government action for measures to lessen pollution of the atmosphere.

But you will have to get a different type of scientist interested in the problem. The few men who have studied it so far have all left off after compiling such almost useless information as that in populous areas 284.7 tons of impurities are deposited per square mile in a year.

The standard of measurement should be the loss of time, temper and money to the woman in the home.—JOHN BULL.

The JUDGES,
All County Courts

GENTLEMEN,—May I ask you to exercise vigilance for a new trick-device of unscrupulous landlords of controlled working-class houses who seek to get rid of tenants so that they can re-let the property at increased rents?

In thousands of cases they are registering the dwellings as decontrolled and serving notices to quit because the occupiers, from necessity, have had to take in lodgers.

It would be superfluous to mention to you that, legally, a lodger is not a sub-tenant, and that there can be neither rent-raising nor ejectment on this pretext. But so many tenants are unaware of the law.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. ORRIS,
Recovery and Adjustment Bureau,
Cannon Street, London, E.C.

SIR,—No more despicable firm is in business in the City of London than yours.

Traders entrust you to collect overdue accounts from small debtors. You try to extort the money by sheer blackmail.

Your latest threat to poor people is to ask their employers to deduct debts from wages.

Concerns of the type you conduct must be suppressed.—JOHN BULL.

CHAIRMAN,
Llanelli Bench of Magistrates

DEAR SIR,—Alwyn Jones, of Tumble, is a miner who has been gravely ill and unemployed for seven months. His suffering was made worse by the spectacle of seven children in the home who were without warmth because there was no money for fuel.

He went out and tried to steal 12 7d. worth of coal from a colliery siding.

You fined him 10s. for this first offence, although a police officer vouched for the pitiful condition of the family, and had himself provided it with coal and firewood after investigating the case.

Mercy never taints justice.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. P. WILSON,
Chief Constable, West Sussex

DEAR SIR,—Police chiefs everywhere may be expected to follow the bold refusal which, I learn, you are to give regarding the serving of rates summonses.

It is your intention that no longer will this work be performed by policemen, in or out of uniform.

I have always regarded the withdrawal of the police from their proper duties for this work as a form of intimidation. Service by registered post is adequate, cheaper and better.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. GUEST,
Bournemouth Licensing Chairman

DEAR SIR,—Of all recent decisions of licensing benches, none sounds more nonsensical than one just given by you. It is that when extensions of hours and facilities are allowed for festivities and social gatherings the fact must not be made publicly known.

When there is proper reason for conviviality, it should be a case of the more the merrier.—JOHN BULL.

Sir EVELYN MURRAY,
Chairman, Customs Board

DEAR SIR EVELYN,—Admirable work is now being done by your preventive staffs in the detection of smuggling of luxury goods by private individuals—if the spate of prosecutions in the courts is an acceptable criterion.

But the worst offenders are escaping scot-free.

I allude to the millinery, jewellery and similar retail firms who "oblige" their customers by supplying them with the trade labels which are attached to the smuggled articles to suggest that they were bought in this country.

Bring them in for fraudulent conspiracy.—JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour



Family Toast

CHRISTMAS, season of reunions, is a fitting time to toast the JOHN BULL family. It is a great family, numbering millions and scattered throughout the world.

This week has brought letters from readers in Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, and from all outposts of the Empire. There have been letters, too, from America, France, Belgium, Russia, Holland, Italy, Malaya, Egypt and China.

But, however scattered our family of readers may be, it is united in the determination to combat tyranny and trickery in every form.

The vigilance and loyalty of every member is the secret of our success. And the Christmas spirit is very like the JOHN BULL spirit, which desires peace and good will for all, and, for the humblest, the right to Justice and the Truth.

So, here's to the JOHN BULL family!

BREEDING-C

FOR SL
—the City—
alternating wave
panic

THIS week I have discussed a which we have of late both inside outside. The question are on the eve of a trade.

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That there may be trade is likely. The from the depths of sustained and even other nation has mad the world depression with ours.

There has been a

Sham Slump Spectre

"Is a slump really coming?" asks one of our readers. He voices the views of hundreds of correspondents anxious to learn if it is a spectre looming nearer or if it has already gripped us.

by A. G. Gardiner

trade. Unemployment has been more than halved. More people are engaged in work than at any other period in our history. And the conditions of work and the standard of wages are reflected in the remarkable absence of serious strikes.

From all this there may be a reaction. Whatever may be the truth about the trade cycle theory, trade has its ups-and-downs, due to the play of many forces, world politics, currency troubles, the distribution of gold, the ceaseless tug-of-war between the producer and the consumer, and so on.

Not now

This is no new thing, as the music-hall song of fifty years ago reminds us—
"After the rise the fall, after the boom the slump,
After the fizz and the big cigar, the cigarette and the hump."

Nor, within reasonable limits, is it necessarily a bad thing. A boom, artificially inflated like that in America in 1928-29, may get out of hand, and when the crash comes spreads universal disaster.

But our trade revival is not of this character. It owes nothing to financial gambling, but is the product of solid business. And, in the absence of a world catastrophe, any check it may suffer should be temporary and relatively slight.

Nor is it true to say that the revival is dependent on the rearmament scheme. If it were there would be ground for real concern, for no nation can be permanently prosperous by manufacturing weapons of war which have no reproductive value and are made to destroy and be destroyed.

The proof that it is independent of rearmament is evidenced by the great growth of exports, which have nothing to do with our rearmament. In the eleven months of this year, for example, our exports of manufactured goods rose by £81,078,307 to £371,715,208.

In one respect indeed rearmament is handicapping even our home trade. It is gobbling up the output of steel and other materials so voraciously that building and similar normal industries are being starved of their requirements.

What then is the basis of the fears that a first-class slump is impending? What ground is there for the prediction, made in one not irresponsible quarter, that we shall see three, four, or even five million unemployed on our hands?

One reason, no doubt, is the depression that has fallen upon the stock and share market. From the high-water mark of a year ago there has been a steady and

relentless fall in values, until the depreciation represents hundreds of millions of loss. It is assumed that this is a prelude to a collapse in trade.

I do not think it has anything to do with real trade. It is due to three things. First, the rise in paper values had become excessive and a set-back was inevitable and wholesome.

Secondly, the City, always subject to alternating waves of excessive panic and excessive cheerfulness, has got into a state of profound gloom over the world outlook—as well it may. (And let me remark, parenthetically, that if war came all that I am saying would be irrelevant.)

And thirdly, there is America, where the apparent recovery has proved illusory, where a grave set-back in trade is in progress and where the crash in the stock markets has involved paper losses of £5,000,000,000.

This is a factor that affects far more than the City. The United States is such a vast element in world trade and our economic fortunes are so linked with that country that disaster there could not fail to have serious consequences here.

Whether that disaster will be averted is a question on which I can offer no personal opinion. President Roosevelt rescued the United States from the great slump, but in the opinion of many, Mr. Reginald McKenna among them, he is responsible for the paralysis that has descended once more upon the American business world.

Safeguards

The fall in production since August, something like 20 per cent., is catastrophic, and if it is not checked anything may happen.

But the best information I have from American sources leans to the view that the brake will be put on and that, though the fall may go still further, a repetition of the calamity of 1931 will be avoided.

If that is the case I see no reason to anticipate anything like a serious slump

here in the near future. For the American position, coupled with the fall in commodity prices, which has reached danger-point and which would be checked by an American revival, is the only real ground for alarm.

And we have two safeguards. We are much better equipped than America is to meet the oncoming of a slump, and, much as we may lament the enormous expenditure on rearmament, it is a very effective bulwark against a major collapse in industry for the next two or three years.

In a word, while it will not be surprising if 1938 shows some reaction from the record of this year, there is no case for panic talk.

Prepare

This does not mean that we should not look ahead and equip ourselves against the lean years. For the lean years will come again at some time, and now when the full years are still with us is the time to take measures to break the shock at the first impact of real depression.

Measures are not far to seek. There are vast things that need doing and must be done, but which we can hold in reserve for the occasion when it arises. Compared with the dictator Powers we have fallen far behind in works of national development.

London is badly in need of reconstruction. It is half a century since anything serious was done, and in the interval the motor-car has changed the whole traffic problem. So with many provincial towns.

So with the road problem. There are more cars per mile of road here than in any country in the world, and the congestion is daily increasing, but we are still for the most part equipped with roads constructed for the occasional horse vehicle.

The electrification of railways, land reclamation, drainage, the reconstruction of the canal system—these and many other tasks should be tackled directly the spectre of the Slump really appears.

But that spectre does not sit at our Christmas feast to-day. And only harm is done by talking as if he did.

What do YOU want A. G. Gardiner to write about?

The Human Machine

TIME IS ENERGY

ALL industries have had one problem to face and solve—the problem of waste; and industry has gradually learned that there is no such thing as waste.

What was once thrown away is now collected and re-made into something useful. In fact, whole new industries have been founded to deal with "waste."

Now the Human Machine, which is itself a factory, has the same problem to face—but with a big difference. For Time, which is the basic material on which we human beings work, is a commodity which allows of no salvage if we waste it. Time wasted is Time lost. Time must be used or wasted. That is your choice and you have no other.

And there is more to it than that. Time is not an inexhaustible commodity. It is strictly rational. There are 24 hours in the day and no more. By no manner of means can you make any more.

What you can do, by planning, by being methodical, by using sense and foresight, is to enable yourself to do more in the time at your disposal than you could do if you did not think and plan. We have, if you like to put it that way, the power to cheat Time by using our brains.

Waste can always be prevented by planning. Think a job out before you begin it, and you will do it in half the time.



BREEDING-GROUND FOR SLUMPS

—the City—always subject to alternating waves of excessive panic . . .

THIS week I have been asked to discuss a question about which we have heard much of late both inside Parliament and outside. The question is whether we are on the eve of a great slump in trade.

If I took the affirmative view I should not choose Christmas as the occasion for discussing the subject. But I do not take that view, and nothing that I say will cast a shadow over the Christmas scene.

By this I do not mean that the outlook is without its anxieties or that we should neglect those preparations against a trade reaction to which I shall refer later.

There is, on the other hand, much exaggerated pessimism abroad and the organised chorus of "Wolf! Wolf!" which is so ceaseless in some quarters is unwarranted and mischievous.

It creates a fear mentality and puts a check upon enterprise which is calculated to produce the thing we dread.

That there may be some set-back in trade is likely. The upward movement from the depths of 1931-32-33 has been sustained and even spectacular. No other nation has made a recovery from the world depression at all comparable with ours.

There has been a striking increase in

Something is Coming!

ALTHOUGH at the moment Christmas is uppermost in the minds of most of us, considerable discussion is going on in JOHN BULL homes about the gigantic surprise which JOHN BULL will announce early in the New Year. It's the greatest thing of its kind a paper has ever done for its readers!

What it is must remain a secret for a few more days, but this much we can tell you now—It's something for every reader Free and Post Free!

Never before has any paper done anything like it! Watch JOHN BULL.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

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CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

A WHEN
TWO SUNDAYS
COME IN A WEEK
BUT NOT BEFORE
YOU WILL EQUAL THE
WEEKS OF SHAVES
YOU GET FROM

RAZOR BLADES

7
FOR
6^d

IN A
WEEKLY WALLET
THEY LAST FOR
WEEKS

B Keep
your eyes
young!



PHILIPS
LAMPS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., 146 CHARING CROSS RD.,
LONDON, W.C.2

C HAIL, RAIN
OR SNOW

You'll be glad you laid PLUVEX on your shed or garage roof. PLUVEX is sold ready to lay. Plaster is sold ready to be done, and ensures a warm, dry shed in the worst of weather. 100 square feet, 3/6, standard weight. Heavy weight, 7/6 per roll.

FREE!
An interesting Booklet containing 101 helpful hints will be sent free to all readers. Write for it to The Rubberoid Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

PLUVEX
ROOF FELT

D Ever Ready
Ever Reliable
Batteries



"WINNER"
120
Volt
7/6

MAKERS OF BRITAIN'S BATTERIES

F NATIONAL RADIO FITNESS CAMPAIGN

Mullard Valve dealers
offer a
10-POINT RADIO CHECK-UP
for 5/-

Send a postcard for this
FREE humorous book
and full details to

Mullard
Department V&L,
225 Tottenham Court Rd.,
London, W.1.

G JOIN THE HAPPY
BAND!

Many post people are now earning good money with their collections... Join them NOW on Britain's newest desired time... with free postal collection. Send today to MAMFIOR... the BIG FREE one. Again, and if you are interested in the prize send for your FREE copy of "Postcard Harmony."

YOURS FOR
16^{sh}
on any "any" day
—any play—any

MAMFIOR Ltd
22/23 OXFORD RD. MANCHESTER

To MAMFIOR, Dept. J.S.,
MAMFIOR LTD., 22/23, Oxford Rd., Manchester. I
Please send me free copy of your new catalogue and
postcard of any time.

Name

Address

E Polish
your Shoes
Daily with

**CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH**

It only takes a minute and
keeps them looking their best

In Black, White, Brown, Tanette
and Dark Tan Stain.
Tins 2/6, 4/6 and 6/6. CB/7/13

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 1

Other Free £20 Contests appear on
pages 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29

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(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.



UNIVERSAL Club (Established 18 Years), 14, Cavendish Square, Victoria, London, S.W.-1.

B. Clare.

So runs the letter-head sent out by the thousand women, youths and girls country, inviting the acquainted through the club concerned.

Its ramifications are spread to Canada, Africa, Australia, America, and its introduction as a rule merely for are so successful that the "ness" is invariably full.

The club has over 1000 members. It says, can provide just what you seek, with no publicity, and it attends to all operations to do is to send him an annual subscription of 5s. 6d.

A famous woman's letter sent me an illiterate, a letter from a young girl the club's bona fides. The inexperienced type of

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

Thirty Rogues in £400,000 Fraud

FROM Bath, in Somerset, I recently received an enquiry from a reader, which, upon investigation, has disclosed to me a scandal of the first water. It concerns 30 astute rogues, and a sum exceeding £400,000.

The original letter from Bath was a very pathetic document. It was written by a mother on behalf of her son, whom she thinks "has been made a victim of fraud."

Indeed he has. And he is but one of many hundreds of others.

A certain Mr. Henry Joseph Goulding, of Cannon Street, London, E.C., communicated with the young man about twelve months ago informing him of an opportunity to invest in a remarkable venture described as the "Kirkland Gold Rand Mines, Ltd."

Money invested at once would mean quick returns in substantial dividends. After further correspondence, and a number of conversations on the telephone, the young man was persuaded to invest a considerable sum.

My Special Commissioner reports that

from the very beginning the shares of the "Kirkland Gold Rand Mines, Ltd." were sold over here in a manner to which the company's officials in Canada took strong exception.

They could do nothing in the matter, however, as Goulding had bought them in blocks.

Over a comparatively short period, by means of elaborate circularisation, and frequent visits by specially imported American salesmen to the homes of prospective victims, Goulding has managed to collect in England and Scotland a sum of £100,000.

* * *

Goulding is not a man who does things by half-measures. While he was operating from Cannon Street, his offices were always very busy. There was a considerable staff. To all appearances it was the headquarters of a prosperous business.

Every day brought plenty of callers, but most of them were members of a band of thirty associates Goulding had gathered round him.

With some of them he held conferences in the flat he occupied in Hanover Court, Mayfair, where he lived in very good style.

For the most part the cronies of Goulding were Canadians or Americans. Last October he decided to close down his offices in Cannon Street. He did this very suddenly.

At the moment he is residing in Los Angeles and has temporary offices in Montreal. The rent is in arrears and the staff consists of a girl typist and a man, Larry Eastman, an associate of the notorious Jacob Factor.

This is significant when I say that Goulding has worked with Factor in the past, and some time ago changed his name by deed poll from Harry Goldstein to Henry Joseph Goulding.

Several of his associates during his English operations were, as I have said, Americans and Canadians. Because of their cleverness in exploiting the "high pressure" method of selling shares, certain of them were also employed by other financiers of his type.

Some came into this country under legitimate passports, others arrived as

ordinary visitors with the usual proviso that they did not intend to take up work. A few crossed the Channel into England on the ordinary week-end tickets and remained in England.

One typical example is Benjamin Seymour, an American citizen. Seymour was an adept at persuading people to invest in speculative concerns.

A man of good address and with much knowledge of the world, his abilities made him the most prominent member of the gang. Among his companions he is still known as the "Great I Am."

Not very long ago he was approached by City of London detectives and questioned as to his activities.

They hinted that it might be better for him if he left the country. Seymour realised that further sojourn amongst us might be awkward and left at once.

An associate, a man named Frederick Burton, who had also been actively engaged in the "high pressure" sale of shares, followed also immediately.

Two other American members of this enterprising crew are named Maurice Shulman and Norman Seeley, who, only a few weeks ago, from an office in Piccadilly, London, were selling other Canadian gold-mine stock to clergymen and others.

Seeley, whose real name is Shurman, was sentenced not long ago, I learn, to a long term for conspiracy in the State of Georgia, but managed to slip over the State border while an appeal was pending.

Several of the thirty have also worked for a financier of very doubtful reputation who has been concerned in many campaigns connected with worthless shares.

The latter figured in a recent case at the Old Bailey in which a man named Joseph Davis was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for stealing a banker's draft.

* * *

There, a statement was made by a police officer that "Davis, a former associate of Jacob Factor," had been for some time "importing American salesmen into this country to sell shares."

Some of these thirty undesirables are now back on the other side of the Atlantic, but quite a number still remain in England. Their combined operations, as I have said, have involved swindles for more than £400,000.

This is a case which calls for immediate and thorough investigation. If anything is to be saved from the wreck there must be no delay.

You have been warned...

'Ware the Galloping Major!

QUITE a number of criminals have lately been masquerading in assumed names, or using bogus titles and ranks for fraudulent purposes. Often they assume those belonging to thoroughly reputable people, who are caused trouble and annoyance in consequence.

A typical example is provided by "Major Weymouth of the Dragoon Guards."

He is not a major in the Army, never has been, has never served in any cavalry regiment and his tales of campaigning are just picturesque inventions.

This so-called ex-field-officer is aged about fifty-five. He dresses to look the part of a retired major of cavalry.

Some weeks ago he took rooms at a private hotel in the West End district of London.

He seemed to be a man of means and immediately made himself popular among his fellow-guests with his stories of exploits in foreign parts, the medals he had won, the experiences he had had in drawing-room and on parade ground.

His familiar references to famous soldiers, alive and dead, were very convincing. No one for a moment thought of him as a make-believe, for he was a very pleasant fellow who always paid his bills regularly.

However, the time came when he borrowed a considerable sum from the proprietress of the hotel on the excuse that his pension had been delayed for a day or two. The proprietress has not seen him since.

"Major" Weymouth, under various aliases, has been doing this sort of thing for a long time.

Sir Wyndham says:

"This is a case which calls for immediate and thorough investigation... There must be no delay."

Three for the Fire

UNIVERSAL Correspondence Club (Established over 25 Years), 16, Cambridge Street, Victoria, London, S.W.—Secretary, Mr. B. Clare.

So runs the letter-heading on circulars sent out by the thousand to men and women, youths and girls, all over the country, inviting them to "get acquainted" through the agency of the club concerned.

Its ramifications are stated to extend to Canada, Africa, Australia, India and America, and its introductions do not last as a rule merely for a few days, but are so successful that the "cup of happiness" is invariably full.

The club has over 10,000 members. It says, can provide just the sort of friends you seek, with absolute privacy, no publicity, and Clare personally attends to all operations. All you have to do is to send him entrance fee and annual subscription to the club—5s. 6d.

A famous woman's welfare society has sent me an illiterate, almost pathetic, letter from a young girl enquiring about the club's bona fides. It comes from the inexperienced type of girl who might

easily make a disastrous friendship through the promiscuous introductions favoured by Clare and his organisation.

His club has been periodically exposed in JOHN BULL since 1920; and previously, in his original name of Bertram Curtze, when he was operating from a flat in Minford Mansions, Hammersmith.

Several instances could be cited where members have been given introductions to unscrupulous persons. Sentence of two years' hard labour was passed some time ago on a swindler of women who was stated in court to be "a member of the Universal Correspondence Club."

* * *

Stated to be a retired schoolmaster, H. H. D'Aeth, of 116, Cambridge Street, Victoria—about five minutes' walk from the Universal Correspondence Club—is making a remarkable appeal. He says that a former pupil (a wealthy baronet) pays him an annuity of £40 a year.

Apparently D'Aeth is strong and healthy, despite financial embarrassment, and he therefore wants to sell the annuity—"this first-class speculative investment" he calls it—for £50.

"If I live only ten years," he says in

his appeals, which are stereotyped, "you will have had £400 for your £50."

He does not say what the unnamed baronet thinks about the sale. Nor does he confine his offer to the annuity. Other circulars disclose that he has a salary of £80 a year, which he is also willing to sell for £50, or two years' salary for £100.

* * *

Enquiries constantly arrive about Mrs. Bronwyn Mares, of the United Protestant Association, who sometimes affects the rôle of "Pastor" and "Rev."

The Association evidently has roving headquarters. Not long ago Mrs. Mares was active in the Birmingham district, where her appeal for funds was launched in the name of the "United Protestant City and Central Mission."

She travels the country employing collectors, who raise money for the ostensible purpose of organising evangelistic, slum and social work.

Recently collectors were active in South Wales, where they came under the notice of the local police. Any charitable work Mrs. Mares does is quite superfluous, and her activities are entirely unworthy of support.

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3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A VARNENE THE MORE DURABLE



VARNISH STAIN FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

Varnene Oil Varnish Stain gives such an exceptionally durable finish to woodwork. Will not chip, resists wear and scratch. Excellent for Floors, Furniture, Doors, Cupboards, etc.

From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony, Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

Chewick Products Ltd., London, W.A.

B MODERN MOTHERS SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

Wear a Corset designed especially for you and for your child. Incorrect posture and ugly lines can usually be traced to badly fitting corsets. In order to look and feel young, have a Spencer corsetiere make a special study of your figure, and ensure corsets that fit.

Spencer Corsets are washable and inexpensive and are recommended by over 20,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest Corsetiere, and be certain of obtaining a genuine

SPENCER

Individually Designed Foundation Garment or Surgical Support. And at 100, 120, 140, 160, 180, 200, 220, 240, 260, 280, 300, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400, 420, 440, 460, 480, 500, 520, 540, 560, 580, 600, 620, 640, 660, 680, 700, 720, 740, 760, 780, 800, 820, 840, 860, 880, 900, 920, 940, 960, 980, 1000.



C Healthy dogs love winter...

Cold and wet won't harm a dog that is fit. For more than 100 years, dog owners have ensured all-the-year-round health for their pets by giving them BENBOW'S — THE CONDITIONER YOU CAN RELY ON. Sold by Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

Write for full particulars, Dept. 7.B. BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO. 100, 120, 140, 160, 180, 200, 220, 240, 260, 280, 300, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400, 420, 440, 460, 480, 500, 520, 540, 560, 580, 600, 620, 640, 660, 680, 700, 720, 740, 760, 780, 800, 820, 840, 860, 880, 900, 920, 940, 960, 980, 1000.

D DIGESTION

... starts in the mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes—carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Remember to ask for Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets, the world-famous remedy for all stomach troubles. Obtainable at all chemists, 71d. carton of 50 tablets—1/3 flat packet tins 110 tablets.

No proprietary rights claimed other than Trade Mark.

E KOMPO FOR COLDS

FOR 50 YEARS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY—For COLDS - INFLUENZA - SORE THROATS - Etc.

A GOOD NIGHTCAP.

One or two teaspoonfuls of Dr. White's "KOMPO" in either hot water, milk or tea, well sweetened, gives a glow and healthy warmth of a lasting kind to the system and is an effective protection against colds, chills, influenza, etc.

No household should be without a bottle of

KOMPO FOR COLDS

BOTTLES 1/3 & 1/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



F BURGESS LION OINTMENT

The Family Safeguard and Sure Cure for 90 YEARS for BOILS CARBUNCLES ABSCESSSES POISONED WOUNDS POLYPUS PILES CUTS BURNS BITES

Of all chemists 1/3 PER BOX



G Keep Fit—Start with your teeth

Eucryl Tooth Powder ensures white sparkling teeth and perfect mouth hygiene.

EUCRYL

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements A B C D E F G

Put in the key numbers of the phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.

Coupons for Section 2

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29

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SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

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Pris

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met at Wormwood Scr formulating a revision of the Home Secretary, realising the position, matters to be raised.

Here are the facts. Prison officers get a 50s. and after twelve years reach a maximum of 70s. After thirty years a drudgery a chief warder the same pension as an constable.

Compare the prison officer with that of an ordinary starts at 62s. a week, rises to 90s., and after twelve to 95s.

Single policemen have or an allowance; marriage "rent aid" varying from week

So dissatisfied are ward treatment that many have there is a shortage running four figures.

This is serious. The leaving the service to join the police force. New warders are frequently numbers to cope with it

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Prison Officers' Unrest : Sensational Disclosures

OVER twenty thousand prison warders in Great Britain are seething with dissatisfaction. Delegates representing them met at Wormwood Scrubs recently to formulate a revision of their pay, and the Home Secretary, realising the seriousness of the position, allowed other matters to be raised.

Here are the facts. Prison officers get a weekly wage of 50s., and after twelve years they may reach a maximum of 70s. a week.

After thirty years of unpleasant drudgery a chief warder only receives the same pension as an ordinary police constable.

Compare the prison officer's wage scale with that of an ordinary constable, who starts at 62s. a week, rising after twelve years to 90s., and after twenty-two years to 95s.

Single policemen have free quarters or an allowance; married men receive "rent aid" varying from 18s. to 23s. a week.

So dissatisfied are warders with their treatment that many have resigned, and there is a shortage running well into four figures.

This is serious. The younger men are leaving the service to join the army or the police force. New recruits are few. If there is any outbreak at a prison the warders are frequently inadequate in numbers to cope with it.

* * *

Despite the uninviting conditions, the Prison Commissioners impose difficult tests on applicants. They are sent to the Warders' Training School at Wakefield, and week after week eligible young men fail to pass ridiculous scholastic tests.

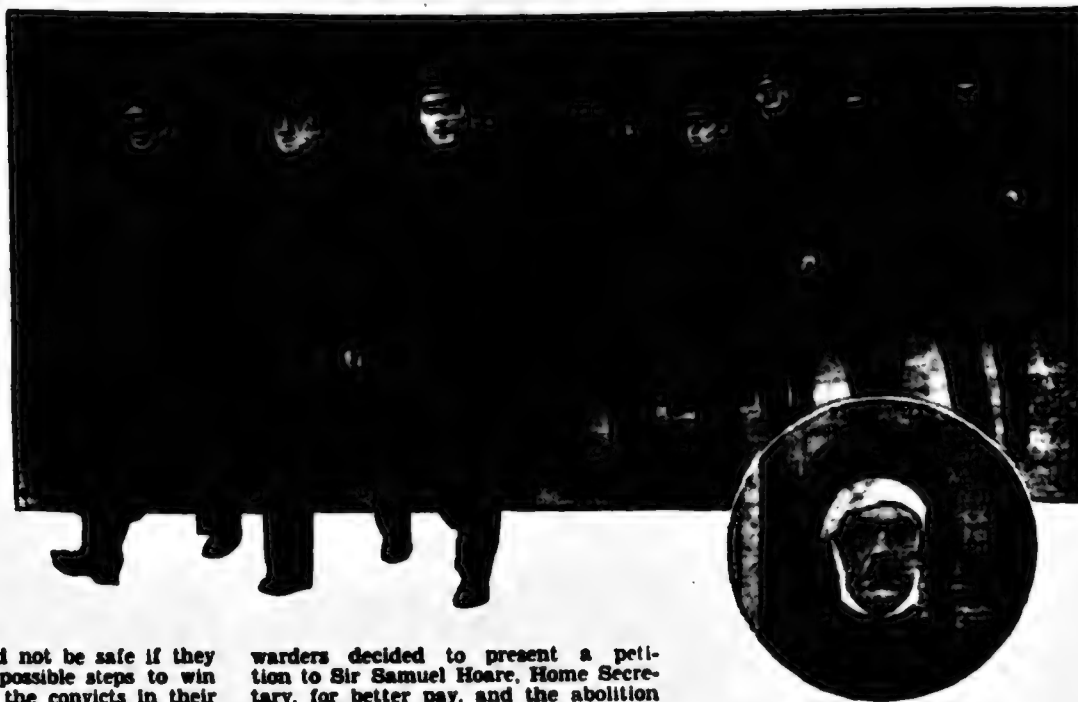
Warders, without exception, hate the job. It is thankless at the best of times, and only 1.67 per cent. gain promotion beyond the stage they occupied twenty years before. Standing orders that govern them were coined in 1830, more than a hundred years ago!

They are pilloried as a bunch of hard-faced and callous men. Truth is they strive hard in difficult surroundings to administer with humanity a code that was out of date more than a generation ago.

It is a breach of discipline to let a prisoner laugh, and officers have been heavily punished for winking at it.

Warders claim that, so far from being

Prison officers coming off duty. There is much unrest among warders generally because of inadequate pay and harsh conditions. (Inset below) An injured warder, one of many, after a scuffle with convicts.



bullies, they would not be safe if they did not take all possible steps to win the confidence of the convicts in their charge.

Always they are hopelessly outnumbered. The average number of convicts in a workshop is three hundred, and they are guarded by one warder, apart from the instructor, armed only with a staff similar to a police truncheon.

Obviously, in these conditions a warder must rule by moral force.

In the laundry at Dartmoor, where the men are undergoing penal servitude for life—a desperate type—there is one warder to twelve men, and all he carries is a staff.

Dartmoor is the grave of warders' hopes, as it is of the convicts.

* * *

Fifty per cent. of the warders apply to be transferred every year to another prison. The strain is tremendous, and many break down in health fighting against the conditions imposed on them. One became insane not long ago, and last year another committed suicide.

In April this year, after applications over many years through the Prison Officers' Guild, and its secretary, Captain E. R. Ramsay, more than 3,000

warders decided to present a petition to Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, for better pay, and the abolition of obsolete regulations and petty tyrannies.

* * *

So it is no new thing. Sir Samuel Hoare has now agreed to arbitration. Warders ask a minimum wage of 70s.

Compared with 1913-14, there has been an increase in the Prison Estimates of £25,443, more than 100 per cent., although the prison populations and the prisons have been cut down by 50 per cent. Where has it gone? Not to the warders, that is certain.

"All Quiet on the Prison Front" will not be the watchword for 1938 unless quick steps are taken to remedy the warders' just grievances.

It is obvious that the Home Secretary will have to pay close attention to the morale of prison staffs seriously affected by recent incidents in penal establishments.

The inference gone forth that the responsibility lies with the prison officers is indignantly denied. They claim that the Prison Commissioners allow the warders to be the scapegoat of a system utterly out of date.

Innocent Man's Bedside Arrest

DETECTIVES drove up to the house of Mr. H. E. C. Campbell, 31, Mount Lodge, Sandy Lane, Boughton, Chester, at seven o'clock one morning. They roused him from bed, produced a search warrant and arrested him on a charge of stealing.

Later the bewildered man was taken to the police station, where he was finger-printed and photographed.

Presently, he was confronted with a number of tools found in his house and which he said belonged to his employers, the Rustproof Metal Window Co., Saltney, Chester.

The man had been employed as an inspector of shell-cases being made at the order of Woolwich Arsenal by the Rustproof Metal Co. He gave every satisfaction and his foreman had promised to recommend him for promotion.

Like the other inspectors, he was entrusted with a number of tools.

Campbell found that some of his fellow-inspectors were wont to take these tools home with them at the end of the day as a safeguard, and he followed their example.

Apparently some person laid an information about his technical irregularity in taking the firm's tools home, and the police obtained the search warrant. Campbell produced them at once, and was taken into custody.

Charged with stealing property valued at 10s., he was released on bail and, finally, discharged.

While the case was pending he was suspended from work at the factory, but understood that if all was satisfactorily cleared up, he would be reinstated.

When Campbell returned to resume his work his immediate chief handed him a telegram sent from Woolwich Arsenal, which ran: "Campbell discharged with effect from 26/10/37."

Worse to come. When the unfortunate man applied for unemployment benefit the local employment exchange officials made the routine enquiries and turned down his application.

A considerable time elapsed before he was given any unemployment benefit, and he has been completely unsuccessful in finding work.

In our opinion, this case calls for reconsideration by the proper authority.

Discharged from Hospital to Die

THE last words of the Medical Superintendent of Shenley Mental Hospital, near St. Albans, to the mother of Sydney Spring, were: "I do not think you will have any more trouble with your son."

He referred to the young man's state of mind.

Mrs. Spring, a widow of Ashington, near Rochford, Essex, devoted to her son, a young man of thirty-two, believed naturally that the doctor meant he was in good health physically as well as mentally, but within a month Sydney was dead.

Sydney had been an inmate of Shenley for the past ten years, although his mother again and again had applied for his release.

The authorities always refused on the grounds that his state of mental health did not enable them to recommend either his discharge or absence on leave.

* * *

But in September last, Mrs. Spring was called before the visiting committee, who, suddenly, it seems, changed their minds. They informed her that they had decided to let her take her son away immediately.

She was elated, and the doctor's words added to her joy.

This poor woman—poor in more senses than one, who had for some years lived at Cricklewood, in the north-west of

London—had managed to rent a small bungalow in the little village of Ashington, where she hoped Sydney could enjoy the quietness and sweet country air.

Her son was taken to her there.

No warning was given her by the medical authority at Shenley as to his serious state of health, but he suddenly became very ill. Mrs. Spring called in a local practitioner who advised his immediate removal to Rochford Hospital.

His condition was at once diagnosed as advanced pulmonary tuberculosis. Oxygen was administered throughout the night, but Sydney Spring died on the morning after admission.

The previous history of this young man is strange. As a child of eleven he suffered seriously from shock caused by air-raids, and he grew up nervous and neurotic but in no way mentally deficient.

* * *

Ten years ago, merely as an escapee, he "borrowed" the horse and cart of a local greengrocer at Cricklewood. An hour or so later he became alarmed and abandoned it.

He had no intention whatsoever of stealing it, and the magistrates dismissed the charge without calling upon the defence.

But within a few hours he was certified and removed to Shenley Mental Hospital, and, as stated, despite his mother's frequent appeals, he was de-

tained there. There, also, he contracted tuberculosis.

Sydney's death has naturally overwhelmed Mrs. Spring. "As I have been looking forward to his release for ten years," she writes, "you can imagine that his sudden and unexpected death has been a great shock."

We can indeed. What we cannot imagine are the reasons that inspired the medical authorities at Shenley Mental Hospital to permit Sydney Spring to be taken away to die almost immediately after his release.

* * *

He had been in their care for ten years, and whatever his mental state they were responsible for his physical health.

Meantime, our deep sympathies go out to Mrs. Spring in her sorrow.

"Fitting Phrases"

Do you want a pleasant and profitable amusement for the Christmas season? Then try your skill in the novel "Fitting Phrases" competition, details of which appear in pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29.

Eight prizes of £20 each are waiting to be won. Fill up the free entry forms at once; it will prove a profitable pastime for yourself and other members of the family!

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

In Goodness Sake Buy "Pocwear"

Britain's Favourite
TRADE WEAR
TRY THE POPULAR "GOLD CUP" Bib Overall **3/11**

STOCKED BY ALL GOOD OUTFITTERS
If any difficulty write to—
JOHN PECK & CO., LTD.
EDGE LANE, LIVERPOOL, 13

B

Deans Mammoth MICKEY MOUSE ANNUAL
Exciting Xmas Gift for Children

Here's a delightful present for boys and girls—MICKEY MOUSE ANNUAL—DEANS Mammoth Wonder Book.

Between its gaily coloured covers are packed the many new and exciting adventures of Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and all the rest of those world-famous little film characters which children love so much. There are stories, too, as well as heaps of pictures and fascinating games to play.

Strongly bound with picture board covers and cloth back, Deans "MICKEY MOUSE ANNUAL" is on sale Everywhere, price 2s. 6d. Hurry for a copy TO-DAY!

2/6

C

ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS FEAST?

There is no dare about it if you follow the example of thousands who have overcome suffering from ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, GASTRITIS and PAIN AFTER MEALS by taking

OPAS
MACLEAN POWDER

Made from the genuine formula of Dr. HUGH MacLean, the eminent specialist who gave this formula to the world. There is none better or purer than "OPAS" Brand—the genuine MacLean Powder. Extra large size 1/6. Trial size 7½d. Extra large size 1/6. OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS. Pharmaceutical Preparations Co., Westborough, Lancs. (Est. 1888)

E

Cardinal POLISH FOR RED TILES

RESTORES THE COLOUR TO RED TILES

Red Tiles and Red Composition floors always look bright and attractive if regularly treated with CARDINAL, the polish that gives such a lovely rich red finish. Excellent, too, for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths. Restores a waterproof surface and will not tread off.

RED TILED FLOORS Also in Green, White, Green, Buff and Transparent. The 6d. and 1/- of all dealers. Made by makers of HANSON POLISH. CP/4/8

D

Make this a **NEW RADIO Xmas** through your nearest branch of **Currys**

For latest All-Week "Wonder Sets" on unbeatable terms... Currys! For price-controlled sets (18½" and 21" sets)... Currys! For Radio Sets from 10/- (including added to cash prices)... Currys! For Free HOME Demonstrations and Service... Currys! Write for the FREE Xmas Radio Folder: Currys, Ltd., Head Office, Great West Road, Uxbridge, Middx. Write NOW.

F

Ever-Ready Blades
CORRUX

for quicker, closer shaves!

5 for 1/8

Price does not apply in L.F.S.
REG. DESIGN NO. 68088
PAT. NO. 46323

G

Save and be SAFE

Who chooses a lamp that never fails? A brilliant headlight with 100-w. beam and red rear light, automatically controlled as you ride. Safe! More visible! PICO Dynamo Lighting Set saves money. No battery. No maintenance. Light, silent, easily fixed, waterproof, and guaranteed. Costs nothing to run.

PICO
Set. 6-volt dynamo, head lamp, red rear lamp, all chromium plated. (Foreign).

From all Cycle Shops.
Write for Free Catalogue of Britain's Best Electric Cycle Lamps. (Price from 1/11.)
PICO LTD., Watling St., Manchester; and at 28, City Road, London, E.C.1.

3 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

(Section 3) Write clearly in ink.

Coupons for Section 3

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29

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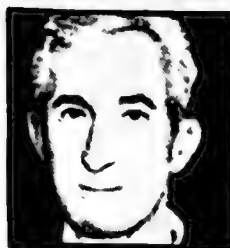
A ALWAYS wh days, the ring and phrase, "I good will towards and put into cynical and say, "much like it, with around, and all this They seem to feel mas message has this modern world. the unrest in the things that give us You must all try this Christmas, the you see all round you pangs of a new world. Were there no would be no bet there no dissatisf could improve. All these Fascist the last attempts to effete system. The manent. They must New knowledge is across the world. must, in the long c must triumph just right. I look back to the boyhood, to the of work when she instance, were so ena Battersea Park Road midnight on Saturday to go to the shop un Sunday morning! You have forgotten those days, shop assi home at eight o'clock They worked on the checked. Winston Radical days, stopp indeed, he boasted ago. There was no insu employment. People the unemployed as be you had to call on times, and how the w down. ★ ★ They do not say t admit unemployment Parties, to be a social find a remedy. Even at Christmas a boy, we who went England thought our the people who Although there may now, in those days th no place at all. Workpeople kowto players to a degre credit to-day, when m men and the bosses same table, discussi and there are concei a score of things th trial peace. People say that re don't believe it. I k in London, only one goes to a place of wo the Salvationists, the Jews! On the other han religion is permea more and more, betterment. Christmas, when I only time most chil any place of amuse small towns it was treat, or something Children were sup not heard" was the days when there we



"Good will to all men" is the Christmas message and these men and women have made it their everyday creed



SIR
H. CARDEN



FATHER
GROSER



GENERAL
BOOTH

REAL Christmas HEROES

by

Hannen Swaffer



GEORGE
LANSBURY



DUCHESS OF
HAMILTON

ALWAYS when, in these days, the Christmas bells ring and the old familiar phrase, "Peace on earth, good will towards men" is spoken and put into print, people get cynical and say, "It doesn't seem much like it, with all these wars around, and all this trouble."

They seem to feel that the Christmas message has no meaning for this modern world. Yet even with the unrest in the world there are things that give us hope.

You must all try to understand, this Christmas, that the troubles you see all round you are the birth-pangs of a new world.

Were there no unrest, there would be no betterment. Were there no dissatisfaction, nothing could improve.

All these Fascist dictatorships are the last attempts to perpetuate an effete system. They are not permanent. They must collapse.

New knowledge is spreading right across the world. Truth, as ever, must, in the long end, win. Right must triumph just because it is right.

I look back to the Christmases of my boyhood, to the long, long hours of work when shop assistants, for instance, were so enslaved that, in the Battersea Park Road they worked till midnight on Saturday, and then had to go to the shop until lunch-time on Sunday morning!

You have forgotten all that. In those days, shop assistants did not go home at eight o'clock in the evening. They worked on through hours unchecked. Winston Churchill, in his Radical days, stopped all that as, indeed, he boasted to me not long ago.

There was no insurance against unemployment. People spoke openly of the unemployed as being necessary, how you had to call on reserves in busy times, and how the workless kept wages down.

★ ★ ★

They do not say that, now. We all admit unemployment, yes, all the Parties, to be a social evil, and seek to find a remedy.

Even at Christmas time, when I was a boy, we who went to the Church of England thought ourselves socially above the people who went to chapel. Although there may be anti-Semitism now, in those days the Jews had almost no place at all.

Workpeople kowtowed to their employers to a degree you could not credit to-day, when regularly, the workmen and the bosses sit down at the same table, discussing wages and hours, and there are conciliation boards and a score of things that make for industrial peace.

People say that religion is dying. I don't believe it. I know it is true that, in London, only one person in twenty goes to a place of worship—this includes the Salvationists, the Catholics and the Jews!

On the other hand, a real everyday religion is permeating a land which, more and more, believes in social betterment.

Christmas, when I was a boy, was the only time most children ever went to any place of amusement. Then, in the small towns it was a Band of Hope treat, or something of that sort.

Children were suppressed—"Seen and not heard" was the phrase. And, in days when there were no labour-saving

appliances, they were household drudges all their lives.

Now this has all changed, largely because of what we call "the Christmas spirit," one not confined to a few days of revelry and turkey-eating, but one which, all the year, seeks to uplift and to aid and to do, by united effort, what once was left to so-called "charity."

★ ★ ★

Why, to-day, the children have a wonderful time compared with what we endured! There are "the pictures" every week, opening their eyes to all the wonders of the world.

We had only a penny "blood" to read. Mickey Mouse has taken the place of Deadwood Dick.

Even to-day, of course, we are not content. Why should we be? As we improve a land because the citizens improve, so still more we improve the citizens.

Now if, for a few moments, I feel unhappy about things, I turn for inspiration, and for reassurance, to the example of certain people I know.

They laughed at George Lansbury



Not
from the
B.B.C.

Caught in Santa's Claws.

THOUGH for weeks there's been a rumour That Yuletide was drawing near, I have gone about my business And pretended not to hear. Demanding of myself: "What proof Have I the whole thing isn't spoof?"

But now my doubts have vanished, The evidence is clear: Proof positive has reached me The festive season's here:

By last night's post it came to hand, That Yuletide income-tax demand!

The tax-collector has taken the place of little robin redbreast as a harbinger of Christmas. Choosing his moment

who, just before Christmas, started out for Central Europe, on a mission at which many mocked. He seeks to find in Czechoslovakia and other countries what he was laughed at for trying to find in the chancelleries of Hitler and Mussolini—some basis of settlement.

Since Lord Halifax has made a similar journey to Berlin, exploring, and since, at the same time, all the Parties are seriously considering how, to some measure, we may all pool the economic resources of the world, well, Lansbury's voyages fall into line with all the rest.

Then, when looking out from my window even on a dank, dismal, December day, I see the lamp-posts lighted in the afternoon, I remember how Herbert Morrison is pledged to end, in ten years, unless war comes or there is economic stress, all London's slumdom.

I remember how, because of his great vision and cool persistence, the hospitals are being transformed and the schools modernised, and a Green Belt is growing wider, and how the London of to-morrow will shame the London of to-day.

Then I think, too, of the crusades of my friend, Miss Lind-a-Hageby, her work for the animals, her visits to vivi-

section laboratories and slaughter-houses, all in the animals' cause, and how, for years and years, braving ridicule, she has gone on. I think, too, of the Duchess of Hamilton, emerging from the sheltered life which, in a Scottish palace, she could lead, and sharing all those journeys.

Then, for a moment in retrospect, I think of the lives of my friends Dick Sheppard and Lillian Baylis, now lost to us in sight, but both originators of work which can never die.

Dick is with me now, in thought at least, with his sweet simplicity and his unquenchable faith, the friend of millions and inspirer of all who knew him.

As for Lillian, well there is the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. There were no such things until she put together her love for the people and her love for Shakespeare and made them into a mighty purpose which spread culture where before there were merely slum streets and grim, sordid lives.

The real Christmas spirit found expression in the lives of all these people. There are others by the score, up and down the land. You may not recognise them as great people, but there is Alderman Rowlandson, now Lord Mayor of Sheffield, and Sir Herbert Carden, of Brighton, two men who have transformed the towns in which they live.

Then there is my friend General Evangeline Booth who, although seventy-two this Christmas Day, still carries on the burden first taken up by the unique father whom she so greatly resembles. Although old and weary, seasick through all her ocean voyages, she still works on.

I remember, too, Jacob Epstein, the greatest artist in this land, a man who, although still mocked at often, defies the Philistines by ignoring them.

★ ★ ★

He will think it strange, perhaps, that he, both a Jew and a rebel, is accused of having a Christmas spirit. In the end, though, it is truth that matters, and he stands relentlessly by truth as he sees it, come what may.

Then there is Father Groser, in the East End. Into those dreary streets he has taken the sublime lesson that people can dedicate themselves to the highest things in the work they do.

He teaches that life and labour and love are all one, and that religion is not merely worship, but sweeping away the sordidness and making the homes of the poor brighter and more decent.

There are many great souls in this world of ours, some whose names we do not know, some whose virtues we do not proclaim themselves but who, just because they do their jobs—hundreds of doctors and teachers and nurses, for instance—are the salt of the earth.

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS

with exquisite tact, he arrives each year as punctually as chimblains.

Nor is he alone among bureaucrats in picturing impoverished householders as having vast secret hoards of wealth. By the same mail that brought me his Yuletide bleatings came a cheery announcement from the Postmaster-General that he had made special arrangements so that I could put through long-distance 'phone calls at what he invites me to believe are absurdly cheap rates.

I can, for instance, occupy three joyful minutes wishing a rich aunt in Australia a merry Christmas and not too many happy returns of the day for the trifling sum of three quid. Which, I think you'll admit, is awfully jolly decent of the P.M.-G.

★ It is flattering of Cabinet Ministers to have such an opinion of one's financial resources. But many householders wish that they, not to mention others, were less optimistic. For this is the season when poor old father, no less than the turkey, gets it in the neck—but without, alas! being fattened for the sacrifice.

If guilty of the Scrooge-like procedure of drawing up a Yuletide balance-sheet, Pop would mostly find that all he had

to set against disbursements of (say) £29 14s. 9d., would be some multi-coloured neckties, a pair of bed-socks, a couple of unwanted match-boxes and diaries, and a chill caught through sitting too close to his overdraft.

★ Caught thus in Santa's claws and forced to stand and deliver, Pop finds it less easy than his juniors to become intoxicated with the Yuletide spirit.

When the Yuletide gas-fire's blazing, Put your bank-book out of view;

Join the fun, for it's amazing

If you try what you can do!

Where the mistletoe is winking,

When there's dancing, eating, drinking,

Don't sit in a corner thinking

You're too old at forty-two!

When your final "bob's" expended

And there still are bills to pay,

When your abdomen's distended

By "good cheer" on Christmas Day,

Though your pockets may be lighter,

There's one thought should make you

brighter:

That next Christmas (smile, you

blighter!)

Is as yet twelve months away!

Y. Z.

I Saw for Myself

In Bethlehem, Christ is born with great rejoicing and ceremonial in the lowly Manger—or Grotto. But outside, the electric star of Bethlehem, with noisy motor-buses and raucous touts, shrieks of vulgar commercialism. Bethlehem and Jerusalem need protection from modern exploitation.

By a "John Bull" Investigator

I SAW the birth of Christ last Christmas in Bethlehem. A star—but an electric one—in the square, pointed the way to the Grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity.

On Christmas Eve I travelled to Bethlehem by bus No. 22, a five-mile ride for 2½d., useful but destructive of one's illusions of the Sacred Places.

In Jerusalem, at the Jaffa Gate, within the ancient walls, stood a collection of motor vehicles, buses and taxicabs, noisy and excited Arabs, and a miscellaneous gathering of hangers-on and touts selling relics and gewgaws.

As the ancient, tawny walls of Jerusalem receded, the bus, jogging along the asphalted road to Egypt, passed through a hideous growing suburb, throwing out new arms of modern houses like great tentacles.

The whole environment of the Holy City is being attacked both within and without the walls. The ubiquitous speculative builder threatens the most sacred spots, and unless steps are taken very soon the Mount of Olives will be carved up into streets, houses, and shanties.

Also, the visitor to Jerusalem is besieged from the moment of his arrival by street touts and small shopkeepers who pester the life out of him to purchase sacred mementoes. Most of these are spurious and fraudulent.

Motor-buses and touts

In Bethlehem they tried to fob me off with a souvenir which they claimed was made from the 400-year-old timbers of the roof of the Church of the Nativity. They must have made sufficient mementoes to have timbered the roof several times over. They were everywhere.

As a matter of fact, the roofing timbers were renewed a few years ago because they were in a state of utter decay and rain leaked through into the church itself.

The timber of this roof was given in the 15th century by Phillip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who cut down a pine forest to provide the rafters.

Our own Edward IV. also supplied good English oaks and the lead which was stripped off by the Turks in the 17th century and cast into bullets.

But the cleverly-made fakes are manufactured from wood that is dressed up to look aged. They ask high prices for them. Many are deceived into the belief that they are made from the original timber of the basilica erected by Constantine the Great in the 4th century A.D.

* * *

A notice over my head in the bus said: "No Smokin—Dond Spit—Do Not Let Your Head Or Hands Through The Window." It was, I

noticed, an admonition more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The passengers, mostly Christian Arabs, popped their heads out of the unglazed windows and waved their hands all the time. In the time-honoured manner of the Orient, they spat freely anywhere. And the driver smoked ceaselessly.

The driver, a sinister-looking rascal wearing a fez, gave an alarming exhibition of driving. He gesticulated freely with both hands at once, and also stared at me as the only European through the mirror over his head.

The bus snorted along the narrow asphalt road walled with white stones. On the other side rose stony terraces planted with olive groves and sometimes vineyards.

We scraped past laden asses and camels which regarded us with patient indifference. I wondered how long it would be before this ancient and picturesque method of transport was driven off the roads by the ever-invading motor.

Bethlehem of old

Bethlehem, perched on its hill, looked down on us, a town of flat white roof tops and clustering white houses, above them the bell-towers of convents and monasteries. Bells were ringing with persistent monotony.

It seemed peaceful and very old. From afar it might have looked exactly like that when the Shepherds followed the Guiding Star from the East to the lowly manger where He was born.

But pious thoughts were rapidly dispelled by my surroundings. The bus swung violently round a sharp corner and avoided a deep, disused quarry on the side of the road more by good luck than by good judgment. A dignified old man in a white turban crossed himself fervently.

Then I saw with a sense of shock a notice board in English which says: "Bethlehem Municipal Boundary. Drive Slowly." So the City of Bethlehem boasts a Mayor and Corporation in these enlightened days!

In the market square stands the oldest Christian church in the world, largely hidden behind three great convents. Also in the square looms ominously a big and very new police station.

The square was packed with a holiday crowd, for presently the Greek Patriarch would arrive from Jerusalem.

Motor-buses and taxicabs polluted the air with petrol fumes. All was noise and confusion.

Britain's claims

And in the middle of the square proudly flaunts a high electric standard. On its very summit a big arc-light projects in the shape of a star.

Star of Bethlehem! In electric lighting! A native boy points to it: "It lights up at night," he cries gleefully. It is an achievement of the municipality.

This theatrical arc-light masquerading as the Star of Bethlehem

does not evidently seem incongruous to the Municipal Council when they see their ancient city invaded by the motor-bus, taxis, lorries and full of touts who earn a living by selling fake antiquities.

* * *

A stream of people gravitated to the entrance of the famous church, passing through a door so low that I, joining the throng, had to bend nearly double to avoid knocking my head.

Once inside the massive walls I found myself in a majestic Roman basilica. Whilst noble cathedrals and abbeys have crumbled to dust, the church built by Constantine the Great to prove that he was a Christian—as many denied—has survived through the ages scarcely changed from the day it was completed.

Restful, austere, it was far, far remote from the progressiveness outside in the square. Solid, dull reddish Corinthian pillars divide it into a nave and aisles.

The High Altar stands above the Grotto where He was born, and

where Hadrian, hoping to stifle Christianity at its birth-place, erected a pagan temple to the god Adonis.

Its font has a touching dedication in Greek: "For the memory, repose, and forgiveness of sinners, of whom the Lord knows the names."

From the timbered roof were suspended a number of big, coloured witch-balls in honour of the festive season. An old woman and a monk were filling lamps with oil.

Britons may feel they possess some affinity with the Church of the Nativity. For Constantine the Great was born in York of a British mother. The Empress Helena was traditionally the daughter of King Coel of Colchester.

Helena became a devout convert to Christianity, and went a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where she discovered the true Cross. She in turn converted her illustrious son, who built this enduring basilica. It is not too much to think its inspiration came from distant Britain.

"Give something to the church," whispers a priest, as he handed me

The Bethlehem

From a Window in Bethlehem

His mother, whose mode of dress has scarcely changed since Bible days, looks down on the children receiving blessing in a street that was old when the world was young. From the distance comes the roar of buses in the busy square where once camels and donkeys were the only traffic

a lighted taper. Taking it, I descend the narrow, steep steps that lead to the sacred Grotto.

The Grotto is small and crowded. Fifty-three silver lamps yield a radiance. It is gloomy and it reeks of stale incense.

Christ's birthplace

Behind the faded tapestry walls is the blackened interior of a limestone cave, and there are like it in the hills around Bethlehem. But in this cave was the Redeemer born.

I see the actual spot where it happened. Fifteen lamps cast a reflection upon a silver star bedded in the floor under the altar.

It says in Latin, "Here Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born. Simple, but sufficient. Ecce."

Ceaselessly the pilgrims press forward in the dimness. Passing they kiss the star, cross their hands and murmur prayers. Women

The New Bethlehem

From a Window in Bethlehem

His mother, whose mode of dress has scarcely changed since Bible days, looks down on the children receiving blessing in a street that was old when the world was young. From the distance comes the roar of buses in the busy square where once camels and donkeys were the only traffic



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ng to the church," as he handed me

a lighted taper. Taking it, I descend the narrow, steep steps that lead to the sacred Grotto.

The Grotto is small and cramped. Fifty-three silver lamps yield little radiance. It is gloomy and dim. It reeks of stale incense.

Christ's birthplace

Behind the faded tapestry on the walls is the blackened interior of a limestone cave, and there are dozens like it in the hills around Bethlehem. But in this cave was the Redeemer born.

I see the actual spot where it all happened. Fifteen lamps shed a reflection upon a silver star embedded in the floor under a little altar.

It says in Latin, "Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." Simple, but sufficient. *Ecce Homo!*

Ceaselessly the pilgrims press forward in the dimness. Passionately they kiss the star, cross themselves, and murmur prayers. Women carry-

ing infants in their arms place them tenderly for a moment in a manger hewn out of the rocky wall. It was the place, perhaps, where the Baby Jesus once lay.

Beside me in the gloom someone yawns. The high astrachan hat of an Arab policeman is a reminder that the Grotto is forever guarded. And it is a pitiable proof of the weaknesses of man.

Because, you see, the various Churches have "rights" in the Grotto, and jealously they preserve them. If a nail is shifted it may lead to a riot. The Silver Star began a quarrel between France and Russia and eventually caused the Crimean War.

Though that was not the doctrine of Jesus.

* * *

When I left the dark and pungent cavern for the sunshine in the square, the Patriarch had just arrived. Police were forcing a passage through the excited crowds. Choirboys walked slowly, singing hymns, and black-bearded monks with banners and candles. Vener-

able priests swung censers and scattered holy water. The Patriarch blessed us with a jewelled crucifix. And the rear was brought up by the various Consuls, with the British Commissioner, all carrying little posies of flowers.

At midnight the Patriarch descended to the Grotto to kiss the Star. Christ was born again in Bethlehem.

Those of us in the church above heard the Gospel sung in the Grotto, first in Greek, and then in English as a compliment to the British mandate. It was all very impressive and mediæval, and beautiful.

A grand procession was formed and the congregation joined in singing the old Greek hymn, "Glory in the Highest to Him, who is born to-day in a cave."

Unfortunately the sublimity of this was marred by rival creeds. At two side altars members of the Jacobite and Coptic Churches were holding their Christmas.

Heartily and noisily they praised God in their respective tongues. Ostentatiously they ignored the singing Greeks.

The police pulled and pushed the struggling and perspiring congregations to keep a way clear as the procession crawled round the noble basilica.

The whole place was filled with noise, shouts, candle smoke and the acrid fumes of incense.

* * *

Bethlehem, I saw, preserves its mediæval and almost Crusade-like appearance when the asphalt street is avoided, where young Arabs in European clothes pounced out from their little catchpenny shops in archways and tried to lure me inside.

I sought relief in the tortuous, cobbled streets and ancient houses of the old town where modernity has not yet gained a footing.

Terrorism

There I saw shy matrons wearing the coil, a high Crusader hat draped with a white veil. Girls, many pretty with blue eyes, very demurely peeped at me from their doors or windows. They wore white veils and black embroidered dresses.

On grand occasions they are adorned in a magnificent headdress of silver coins which forms part of their dowry.

* * *

There is another side to Bethlehem. The terrorist side. Bombs have spread death in the City of the Nativity.

The new and imposing police station is no sinecure. Its cells are not empty, as I saw, for from the barred windows prisoners stared out on the crowds and exchanged jests with them.

Only the other day police dogs led the way to a veritable arsenal near the town. A policeman was wounded outside the station and the dogs picked up the trail to a villa with an apricot orchard.

The villa was stocked with revolvers, fuses, detonators, cartridges and arms. Some were found buried under an apricot tree. The owner, a Christian Arab, and his brother were arrested.

In and about Jerusalem the casualty lists lengthen grimly. Apart from the feud between Arabs and Jews, British soldiers and police are being struck down by the hand of assassins.

Curfew has been reimposed on its 115,000 inhabitants. Anyone in the streets between 6 p.m. and 5 a.m. is liable to a fine of £100. Villages, hotbeds of terrorists, are heavily fined. Jerusalem by day is a city of lurking fears. By night it is a city of deathly silence. As I return to

Jerusalem the swarms of touts and sellers of worthless trinkets buzz round like wasps, and I wonder when the exploitation of the visitor will cease.

It is one thing to sell mementoes but another to batten on the tourist. Many hotels are little less than dens of thieves. True, certain types of undesirable visitors deserve all they get.

Pleasure cruises are excellent things. But some among the tours "doing" the Holy Places in a couple of days behave without reverence or consideration for others. They make one blush for shame.

Worst of all are the ravages of the speculative builder, whose rapacity knows no end. When Sir Reginald Storrs was Governor of Jerusalem he held these people in check.

Preserve them

To-day, the speculative builder threatens the vicinity of the War Cemetery on the Mount of Olives, where 6,000 soldiers of the British Empire sleep.

It lies only a little way above the Garden of Gethsemane. Its cross, high above the graves, faces the domes, the towers and walls of the Holy City across the valley. From it you can see the site of Calvary.

A peaceful garden. Hedges of rosemary, and daffodils, marigolds, wall-flowers and geraniums flourish in early spring. So do the wild Flanders poppies.

Yet it will be engulfed in a sea of new and ungainly dwellings and shops unless £20,000 can be raised to purchase the adjacent land. The sponsors of the appeal include Lord Trenchard, Sir Frederick Maurice, General Wauchope and others.

If it can be saved the idea is to plant it as of yore with olive groves on the Mount of Olives, where He taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer.

A friend looking with me on the scene of this threatened spoliation said, "These speculative builders are cashing in on Jesus."

His words gave me a shock. They were bitter but true.

This commercialisation of the Holy Places is repugnant to both Christians and Jews. It is an affront to our civilisation.

Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, names for ever holding cherished memories to Christians all over the world, ought to be freed from the sordid commercialism which has enveloped their sacred sites. According to the proposals of the Royal Commission they are to come under the guardianship of Great Britain.

This is a heavy moral responsibility. As Christ in His indignation drove the money-changers out of the Temple, so should the British Raj put an end to the present godless ramp.

A Government which preserves and protects ancient monuments in Great Britain can do the same in Palestine. It is a duty owed to Christendom in the future as in the present.

A number of very important persons are striving to form a Jerusalem Preservation Trust, for which a million pounds is needed. Among other matters, they will hope to lay out a public park to prevent further encroachment on sacred sites.

Steps need to be taken without delay. If the Government father this appeal for a million pounds, it will soon be forthcoming. Meantime, as it undertook the responsibility of the Mandate, it is its manifest duty to put an end to the exploitation which savours of blasphemy.

As for the exploiters—the Lord knows their names!

Short Story by Richard Keverne

The Frame-Up

Crooks sometimes get away with it—and sometimes they find their victim is not such a mug as they thought. Then—too late—they discover that crime does not pay

ALTHOUGH Fred Cornish did not know it, the man in the brown tweed overcoat had been taking an interest in him for some weeks past. Fred was first aware of him standing by his side in the bar of the "Crown."

He was just raising his glass when the man strolled up to the bar, ordered a double whisky, glanced at Fred, then said in apparent surprise, "Hallo, old boy! Fancy running up against you!" Fred's hand checked, and his eyes turned swiftly to the man at his side—hard blue eyes alight with suspicion.

The man in the overcoat went on in a hearty way: "Remember me, Jerry Barnes. . . . You know. Down in"—he hesitated a moment—"Dorsetshire, eighteen months ago. On that Government job." He laughed smoothly.

Cornish's face had grown hard, but he forced himself to a bleak smile. "I've got you," he said. "How are you, Jerry?" "Fine, old boy, fine. And you?"



The blow was perfectly timed. Webster went to the floor

Fred Cornish gulped his beer and his voice lowered.

"If you want to talk, come outside," he said.

"Right, old boy," Barnes agreed. They were in the street a few minutes later. They walked on for a while in silence. Presently Cornish spoke.

"I don't remember you," he said suddenly. "What were you in for?"

"I, dear boy? Well, as a matter of fact, I wasn't. It's a friend of mine who remembered you. He came out of Portland a week before you. A charming fellow, but a bit too hasty with his gun."

"Oh, hell!" Cornish said angrily. "Drop all this sissy talk. What is it you want? If it's money, you've come to the wrong shop."

"On the contrary, dear boy, I'm rather in funds at the moment. I thought possibly I might be able to do you a good turn. Friend of an old friend, fellow-sufferers in misfortune and all that."

Barnes laughed softly. "God, but you've got a nerve, Fred—haven't even troubled to change your name."

"Well, what of it? There's more than one Fred Cornish in the world, isn't there?"

"Yes, but only one quite so slick at opening a safe."

"I'm not going to open any safes. I'm going straight."

"So they tell me," Jerry Barnes agreed in an oily tone. "Got quite a grand job, haven't you? Four pounds a week in the Lynford Aero engine works garage, and your guv'nor taking a regular fancy to you and giving you a bit extra for driving his car sometimes."

"Regular white-headed boy, Fred. But I shouldn't say so."

★ ★ ★

"What do you mean?"

"I shouldn't say that Fred Cornish was at old Lynford's engine works just for four quid a week. You know if I was asked, I'd say he was interested in something in Lynford's private safe."

"A packet of blue prints of the experimental Levin rotary engine that someone tried to pinch three months ago. That's what I should say."

"Well, you're wrong, see. I didn't know anything about it."

"Didn't you? Perhaps Baumberg did."

"Who's Baumberg?"

"Don't be silly, Fred." Jerry Barnes sighed impatiently. "We know who you're working for. But Baumberg's not going to get that packet, dear boy; you're going to get it for me."

"Am I? What if I won't?" Cornish blustered.

"Why, then, my dear Fred, someone

will tell Lynford that his white-headed chauffeur did three years in Portland for a safe-breaking job in Bristol, and someone will tell the police what Fred Cornish is up to at the works."

"And, mark you," Barnes' voice grew suddenly harsh, "we've got it all framed up for you, my lad. I've got a friend in the works who'll swear you away quicker than you can think."

"You swine," Cornish broke out in fury: "Think you've got me where you want me, don't you? Well, you haven't. His arm drew back as if to strike. Jerry Barnes sidestepped quickly.

"None of that," he said with a rasp in his smooth voice. "See this?" Cornish flinched, then started back instinctively, for Barnes held an automatic levelled at his chest.

For a couple of seconds it seemed as if there might be trouble. Cornish muttered a savage oath. Then the bluster left him.

★ ★ ★

"Oh, all right," he said in a resigned way. "You've got me."

Barnes lowered his gun and laughed. "Absolutely and completely, dear boy," he said. "Now let's talk sense. You'll be paid well for it."

Fred Cornish let out a sort of half-grunt, half-laugh.

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" "Because, dear boy, you would have it that you were all pious and straight. Hundred quid any use to you?" Barnes murmured softly.

"Hundred quid! I thought we were going to talk sense." Fred Cornish's voice expressed supreme disgust. "Why, Baumberg offered me three."

"That's a damned lie," Jerry Barnes retorted blandly. "Still, I'll pay you two, Fred."

Fred Cornish whistled.

"Now you're talking," he exclaimed. "Two hundred! I'm your man, Jerry. Give me your hand on it, chum."

Jerry Barnes sidestepped again.

"That's all right, old boy," he said. "I've only got two hands and one's for the gun. One's always for the gun and you'll know it if there's any double-crossing. Got me?"

"I've got you," Fred Cornish replied in a subdued voice.

"Now I'll tell you what you've got to do," said Jerry.

He had his plans worked out to the smallest detail and the job was to be done that night.

Fred objected at first.

"Don't talk silly, Jerry," he protested. "How am I going to get into the works to-night?"

"Try the side gate by the canal, old

boy," Barnes said coolly. "You'll find it open."

"Then what about Webster, the nosy blighter? I've had some of him before," Barnes chuckled.

"He won't worry you, Fred; that is so long as you play straight. Got me?"

"God! You don't mean Jim Webster's in on this with you?" Cornish demanded in amazement. Webster was night watchman.

"Perhaps," Barnes said softly.

Fred Cornish repeated: "God!" and shook his head incredulously.

They talked on for a time, walking slowly through the foggy night. Cornish was uneasy. He put up further objections.

"Here," he said suddenly. "Supposing the blasted papers aren't there? How do I stand then?"

"We'll all have backed a loser, dear boy, that's all. But don't you worry, the plans will be there."

"Oh, all right then," Fred said at length. "But I'm trusting you, mind. It won't be my fault if anything goes wrong."

"It won't go wrong," Barnes replied smoothly. "Unless you try any tricks, Fred. If you do it will go very wrong—for you."

Barnes left him then and Fred Cornish tramped back to Brombury. He had three hours to put in before he started on the job.

Barnes had timed it cunningly for ten when the public-houses were turning out and the streets would be busy.

He had to do a lot of work in those three hours if he was to get away with the scheme already taking form in his mind.

Fred Cornish was in the "Crown" again

(Continued on page 22)

Pain after Meals

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS
NEW HANDY TIN 6P

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



Shiny nails
are attractive...
shiny nose
is ugly

How can you look attractive when your charm is spoiled by shiny nose? Banish shiny nose forever. Keep your skin 'mat' and lovely with Snowfire Powder Cream, and see how other girls envy you for looking fresh and pretty, even when you're hot. Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to choose from. Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM



These prices do not apply in U.S.A.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

A
Eaten with relish.
Digested with ease..

"Bermaline" is the most nutritious and most easily digested bread. Thin slices buttered have a fresh delicious flavour, and toasted "Bermaline" is a sheer delight.

Bermaline
THE BEST BROWN BREAD!



THE HIT OF THE PARTY

WHEN planning Christmas meals, you will be sure of pleasing everyone if you include Chivers Jellies. To merely see them is a delight—sparkling, firm, such gay colours—and when the real fruit juice flavours are tasted, cries of "Good!" will tell you the Chivers Jellies are indeed firm favourites.

Chivers Jellies
Real Fruit Flavours. Recipe in every packet.

C
JOHN BULLS FAVOURITE
TO-DAYS
DATE
IS
OK



CHOICE
NOURISHING
TUNIS DATES
OF SUPREME QUALITY
Save the coloured labels for Free Gifts
E.A. O'KELLY & Co. Ltd.
FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON W.C.2.
"Nourishing not Fattening"

E
New
SHIRLEY
BISCUIT

A
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
PRODUCTION

A delicious
ATTRACTION
per 1/2 lb 7d

D She is a victim of
**SKIN
CONSTIPATION**

Do you feel tired and sluggish? Is work a "grind" that leaves you worn out by evening? Then, the chances are you're a victim of "skin constipation." Your skin has certain functions to perform if it is to remain healthy—if you are to remain healthy. Every hour it should be giving off moisture—expelling waste oils and

poisons through the pores. But how can this take place when you use a soap that only removes surface dirt and leaves all the pores clogged—constipated? Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and really clean the pores. See what a wonderful difference it makes—how fresh and full of life it makes you feel. Wright's rich antiseptic lather goes deep into the pores, removing dirt and danger. Your skin is able to "breathe," with the result that you feel fresh and vigorous all day long!

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SOAP for Health!



This is the famous glass and a half that goes into every 1/2 lb. block of

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE • Also 2 oz 2d

G
ONE SIP—
tells how good it is

Distil Coffee is most economical, being a concentrated double strength essence made by a new process which retains unimpaired all the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee making it vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee.

FREE GIFTS

Valuable free gifts in exchange for Distil Coffee Coupons.

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT BOOK TO:-

DISTIL MFG. CO. (1921) LTD., MOCHA HOUSE, MINT STREET, S.E.1.

DISTIL
COFFEE

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, 3d., 6d., 9d. and 1/4 per bottle.

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							
In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.							
SIGNATURE							
ADDRESS							
(Section 4) Write clearly in ink.							

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SIGNATURE							
ADDRESS							
(Section 4) Write clearly in ink.							

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 4

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29

PARTY TANTRUMS

Children's Xmas and New Year parties, enjoyable though they are for young and old, cause many good health rules to be broken.

Bedtime is delayed, rich cakes and foods are eaten, and the children enjoy an exciting but fatiguing time. Small wonder that temper storms often result, but the unfortunate child is not always to blame. The sudden outburst is often due to liver and bowel congestion and indicates that nature requires assistance to cope with the unusual conditions. What is needed is a gentle, natural laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal children's laxative, and a teaspoonful given each night during party time will regulate the system and help your children to be on their best behaviour.

When purchasing be very careful to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand Laxative, which Doctors and Nurses so confidently recommend. At all Chemists 1/3 and 2/6.

THE BEST WAY TO CURE A HEADACHE.

If you're one of those people who can't take ordinary aspirin tablets because they upset the stomach or if you find they leave you feeling dizzy, you really ought to try 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets. 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets are something new and something much better.

Firstly, they make a pleasant-tasting, sparkling, refreshing drink which cannot upset the most delicate stomach. Secondly, they combine for the first time the one surest and quickest pain-reliever with a perfect counteractive of the acidity which accompanies all headaches and is usually their real cause. A couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets dropped in a glass of water will shift the worst headache in a few minutes and leave you feeling fresh and well and fit for anything.

And they're simply wonderful for indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, as well as for any sort of Nerve or Rheumatic Pains. They not only relieve the pains immediately but they counteract the acid which causes them.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with sparkling drinks like salts. There is nothing like them. They are not a laxative.

OUR GUARANTEE: Try 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets at once. Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. (The 3/- size contains 24 times the quantity of the 1/-). If you aren't more than satisfied he will refund your money.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Take

Elasto

for all
SKIN TROUBLES

THE New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto Blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct,
London, E.C.

Continuing

The Frame-Up

soon after nine. The bar was noisy and thick with smoke. He pushed in among a group of pals from the works and joined in their interminable talk of football.

He stayed on for half an hour, then left with a cheery "Good night, all. I've got to be up early," and made his way to the canal path, in anything but a cheery mood.

His nerves were on edge and he fingered a gun in his pocket for comfort as he approached the dingy gate. Yet he never hesitated. The gate gave to his hand and he stepped into a black, deserted yard.

He was in the office block a few minutes later, moving stealthily and flashing his torch, when need arose, only for split seconds. Nobody challenged him. All doors were unlocked. Jerry Barnes had certainly fixed the job perfectly.

He came to Mr. Lynford's office still without challenge and shone his torch on the little private safe. Then for the first time he heard a noise.

Cornish swung round in swift alarm, and a torch's ray fixed on his face.

"What's the —!" he began, but Webster's thin voice from behind the light checked him.

"It's all right, Fred. It's only me."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Nothing, chum, only just to see you do the job all right."

"Well, you can't. I work alone, see," Cornish said truculently. Webster laughed softly.

"No, Fred; not this time. I'm staying with you—just in case you should change your mind."

Cornish swore savagely.

"What would I want to change my mind for?" he protested.

"Baumberg perhaps," Webster said. "But it wouldn't pay you, because, chum, I've got you covered."

"What?" Fred rapped out.

"Got you covered all the time," Webster repeated. "So get on with it."

Cornish cursed again, but he had no option.

"Oh, all right," he said in disgust. "But keep your mouth shut. I've got



Next week's short story is a study of a young man whose head was turned by success, and of the reversal of Fortune that brought him to his senses. It has been specially written for you by F. E. Baily, author of many novels and of biographies of famous women. Mr. Baily lives and works in London. His publishers announce him as "the man who understands women."

to have quiet to do this job. And shine your light on the safe."

He drew on a pair of rubber gloves and set to work on the combination lock. He used both hand and ear, listening intently as he twisted the dial delicately.

Odd little clicks sounded in the quiet room. Once he tugged at the door and cursed softly when it would not open. A minute later he tried again. This time it swung back towards him.

"You're a marvel, Fred," gasped the admiring Webster. "I wish I had your fingers; I've had two shots at that safe." He shifted his light to the interior and the beam fell on a mass of papers.

Cornish retorted sullenly: "Well, you

haven't," and began to go deftly through the papers. He soon found what he wanted, a bulky brown envelope, and passed it to Webster.

"Here, hold on to this while I shut the thing up," he said, and as Webster's hand went out, Fred Cornish's arm drew back.

The blow was timed perfectly. It caught Webster off his guard and sent him to the floor. Cornish was on him in a moment and had wrenched the pistol from his hand.

The next moment he was on his feet, his own torch out and Webster's pistol pointed at the prostrate man.

"I've done my job all right," he said with triumph. "You stay where you are, go on, hands out."

"You dirty, double-crossing swine," Webster snarled. "I'll get you for this."

"Will you—or they'll get you?"

Cornish answered grimly. He moved swiftly to the door, switched on the lights, slammed the door and ran.

He made no effort at concealment. He tore through the deserted yard, out by the canal gate, then stopped for a moment panting, and a man slid out of the darkness.

"All right?" he asked curtly.

"Quite. The car there yet?"

"Yes."

"I'll get on then," Fred Cornish hurried forward.

There was a big car waiting in a side street near the cinema, as though for some of its patrons. Cornish went straight to it. Jerry Barnes's smooth voice greeted him as he opened the door. "You've been quick, old boy," he said softly.

"Because I knew the combination."

"Fine! Where's Webster?"

"He's coming."

"Hop in, then. Here—my God!" Barnes's voice rose to a sudden squeal of alarm, for at that moment the car was surrounded by men in uniform. "There he got you, Fred!"

"No, Barnes. I've got you," Cornish said quietly. "Because I happen to be Inspector Elliot."

"You're a liar, you're a liar," Barnes yelled. "You're Fred Cornish, who—"

"No, Barnes. Fred Cornish died six months ago. That was just a little tale I put about—to catch a mug."

"It's a dirty frame-up, that's what it is," Barnes interrupted savagely.

Special Pools Service

BOTH pleased and embarrassed by the size of my postbag, I must ask readers who have not yet received replies to their letters to be patient with me.

But please remember that I cannot mark coupons for you or supply extensive permutations for syndicates.

That off my chest, I want to show you how the Home Strength Order—yes, here it is again—can be used for selective pools. We'll try Vernon's six-results pool, although other coupons can be tackled similarly.

To begin with, let us see the make-up of results for this pool, in which you can choose from 24 matches.

For the first 18 weeks this season, to December 4, there were 177 home winners, 94 draws and 88 aways out of 360 games. One match was postponed.

Home wins were roughly 50 per cent., draws 26 per cent., away wins 24 per cent., so obviously we shall stand more chance by concentrating on home wins.

Now let us see how the results of those 24 weekly matches in the past 18 weeks were distributed over the various sections of my Home Strength Order:—

Home Strength Order.	Homes.	Draws.	Aways.
Matches 1 to 6	55	20	15
Matches 7 to 12	45	23	22
Matches 13 to 18	45	23	21
Matches 19 to 24	32	28	30

Notice home wins are concentrated in the first group; aways come towards the bottom.

Remember you have six matches to forecast out of a choice of 24, and to take the first six games in the Home Strength Order would not be good enough. This order is based on "form" as represented by a summary of experts' forecasts, and we must allow for surprises.

So I suggest the best way is to take

the first ten games in Home Strength Order and choose six homes—or groups of six—from them.

See how it works out. Here are the actual results of the first ten matches in Home Strength Order for the fifteen weeks I have analysed:—

x	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	x
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
x	2	1	x	1	x	2	1	2	x	1
1	2	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	x	x
1	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1
x	1	2	1	1	x	2	1	2	1	1
1	1	2	x	2	1	1	2	2	1	1
1	x	1	1	1	x	2	x	1	1	1
2	1	2	1	2	1	x	2	1	1	1
1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	x	1

For 10 weeks out of 18 there have been six or more home winners. With average skill—and luck—in avoiding the surprise results there are obviously good chances of winning lines here.

The following ten-line entry has good winning chances. It guarantees at least one winning line if any eight of the selections result as home wins:—

—	—	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
—	1	1	—	—	1	1	1	1	1
—	1	1	1	1	—	—	1	1	1
—	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	1	1
1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—
1	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1
1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—
1	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1
1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—
1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—	1	—

Although no coupons will be posted by the members of the Football Pool Promoters' Association this week, I am publishing my Graded Guide as usual for the benefit of readers who are keeping a record of its progress.

Graded Guide

By "Pooler" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, December 25, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

75 E. Fife v. King's Park.	62 Partick v. Aberdeen.
55 Celtic v. Kilmarnock.	41 Reading v. Swindon.
53 Southampton v. Swansea.	40 St. Johnstone v. Rangers.
51 Lincoln v. Port Vale.	31 Sheffield U. v. Coventry.
50 Burnley v. Fulham.	29 Grimsby v. Stoke.
49 Aldrie v. Edinburgh C.	28 Man. C. v. Brentford.
48 Bournemouth v. Torquay.	27 Crystal P. v. Exeter.
47 Newcastle v. Stockport.	26 Portsmouth v. Preston.
45 Falkirk v. Queen's P.	23 Bury v. Tottenham.
44 Luton v. Barnsley.	17 Leith A. v. Montrose.
	16 Leeds v. Middlesbrough.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Ayr v. Arbroath.	1 Hibernian v. Hamilton.
Gateshead v. York.	2 Accrington v. Rochdale.
Plymouth v. Sheff. W.	3 Q.P.R. v. Southend.
Stenhouse v. Dumbarton.	4 Southport v. Halifax.
Bristol R. v. Walsall.	5 Blackburn v. Chester'd.
Mansfield v. Cardiff.	6 Chelsea v. Charlton.
Alloa v. St. Bernard's.	7 Carlisle v. Doncaster.
Bradford C. v. Tranmere.	8 Hartlepool v. Crewe.
Watford v. Newport.	9 Sunderland v. Hudders'd.
Bolton v. Derby.	10 St. Mirren v. Clyde.
N. Brighton v. Oldham.	12

15 Millwall v. Aldershot.
14 Liverpool v. Birmingham.
12 Port v. E. Stirling.
9 Cowdenbeath v. Arbroath.
8 Aston v. V. Bradford.
7 Dundee v. Morton.
6 Leicester v. Everton.
5 Third Lanark v. Norwich.
3 West Ham v. Norwich.
2 Wolves v. W.B.A.
1 Chester v. Rotherham.

13 Litherwell v. Queen of S.
14 Barrow v. Wrexham.
15 Clapton O. v. Brighton.
16 Notts P. v. Man. U.
17 Dunfermline v. Arsenal.
18 Dundee U. v. Raith R.
19 Northampton v. Bristol C.
20 Darlington v. Hull.
21 Gillingham v. Notts C.
22 Brechin C. v. Dunfermline.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A
Everybody's
Everyday
Health Food—



**SHREDDED
WHEAT**

B
Golly!
doesn't
**Robertson's
Mince-meat**
make a lot of lovely
things to eat.....?

Not only Mince
Pies, but over a
dozen different
dainties, full of
fruity goodness!
Ask your grocer for
FREE Robertson's
Recipe Leaflets.

C Think
and drink Empire
OPHIR RICH

TANNY OR WHITE
FOUR STRENGTH

3/6
PER BOTTLE

THE FINEST
AUSTRALIAN PORT-TYPE WINE
SHIPPED & GUARANTEED BY

Burgoyne's



D The crunchiest sweet-
and what a nourishing treat!

There's a taste of real Malted Milk as a
crisp, crumbling Maltose melts away
on your tongue. And you'll get all the
nourishment and energy benefit
that famous food drinks give you
too! On sale everywhere.

Made by
MARS



2d. per
pkt.

F Good for you
and delicious too—

**Allenburys
PASTILLES**
Glycerine &
Black Currant



for your **Throat**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 8" & 1/3

G Delightful
Dishes to keep
away cold

"Filling" food is not always
nourishing and warming, but
dishes prepared with 'Atora'
are not only more delightful but,
owing to the great nourishment
which 'Atora' contains, also
generate warmth from within.
'Atora,' too, is rich in the
vitamins which build strong
bodies, good nerves and healthy
teeth. Always keep 'Atora'
handy and use it frequently.

Atora
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

Large Tin
6d.
OF ALL
DEALERS

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY
POLISHED SURFACES

Chemical Products Ltd., London, W.4

"You recall, what will your
Mother say when she sees those
dirty fingerprints on her white
cassini paint?"

"That's all right, Daddy. It's
easy to clean them off with
'Min.' I've heard Mummy
say so."

'Min' really is good for cleaning
white enamel paint. It is also
splendid for giving a beautiful
polish to all French polished
furniture. Try it and see.

FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letter of Advertisement

A B C D E F G

Put in the Key NUMBER
of the Phrase in the appo-
priate space on the right.

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS (Section 5) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 5

Other Free £20 Contests appear on
pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 25, 27 & 29

FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letter of Advertisement

A B C D E F G

Put in the Key NUMBER
of the Phrase in the appo-
priate space on the right.

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS (Section 5) Write clearly in ink.

My Favourite Heroine

Glamorous Saint

EVERYBODY who keeps up with modern fiction will agree that the Glamour Girl is what novelists, spurred on by their publishers, have been striving to create for some time.

Unfortunately, there is a prevailing convention in fiction to ignore sanctity in women, or to make a good woman a bore, a prig and a fool.

Yet there is one feminine character in a modern novel who is both glamorous and good. I admire her sincerely and without reserve.

So, too, does her creator, Mr. Somerset Maugham—and Mr. Maugham, you recollect, regards all humanity as a collection of unpleasant but highly interesting beetles.

Her name is Odette, and she is the Mother Superior in the "Painted Veil," one of Mr. Maugham's later stories, and his best.

Odette has beauty, poise, breeding and a sense of humour. Her calm and gentle command over herself and over others, love for her fellow-creatures and divine pity make the average Glamour Girl of fiction look like a hoyden tumbling in the hay.

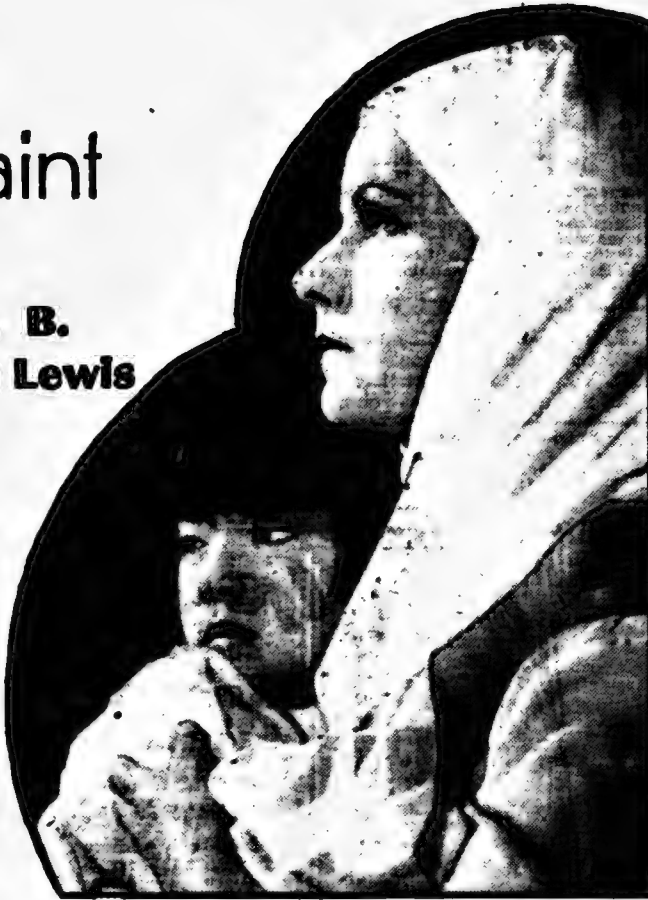
Odd that her type, although frequent in real life, should be so rare in fiction.

Foil for Odette is lovely, lively Kitty Garstin, of Kensington, who marries Walter Fane, M.D., hard-working and unattractive bacteriologist.

When he takes her with him to Tching Yen in China, Kitty wastes no time in falling in love with dashing Assistant Colonial Secretary, Charlie Townsend, and is duly caught out. Her dull and silent husband takes a cold-

by D. B.
Wyndham Lewis

"Obedience with humility" is the hard lesson Kitty Fane (Greta Garbo, shows in a scene from the film) learns from Odette, the Mother Superior, in "The Painted Veil," by Somerset Maugham



blooded but just revenge. A cholera epidemic is raging up-country, and he gives Kitty the choice of going with him—he has volunteered—or getting a divorce.

Townsend has no intention of being mixed up in a divorce suit. Kitty, discovering this for herself, decides to accompany Fane to Mei-tan-fu, where the natives are dying like flies and the Chinese troops are mutinous.

In the town is a convent and hospital run by French nuns who have refused to leave.

Kitty is told that the Mother Superior belongs to one of the oldest families in France, and has been working tirelessly for the poor of Mei-tan-fu for ten years.

She is taken to tea at the convent, and from the first moment falls under the Mother Superior's spell. She sees a woman of middle-age, with fine, strong features and eyes that hold her in a frank look of appraisal.

Kitty, watching her, realises that this woman was beautiful—still is beautiful, with the beauty that comes from character and grows with the years.

And there is something about her manner, cordial and exquisitely courteous as it is, which makes Kitty feel an awkward schoolgirl.

But a few moments later the Mother Superior is playing with a cluster of native children, using charming little Chinese words "like caresses."

"Greatest of These . . ."

THE trouble with Peggy's ex-Service father is that, having joined the Army at the age of sixteen and a half, he has never had a chance to learn a trade, and since the war has drifted in and out of poorly paid jobs as a casual labourer.

His last job came to an end in August, and he is now endeavouring to keep himself, wife and three children, the eldest a boy aged thirteen, Peggy aged seven, and her little five-year-old sister, on his unemployment benefit of thirty-five shillings a week.

If the family enjoyed good health, things would not be so bad; but Peggy's mother has been in poor health since the birth, followed six months later by the death, of her last baby early this year, and

Some of these children make Kitty shudder, yet before long she will be begging the Mother Superior to let her help look after them.

Kitty's fascination by this serene, maternal woman, who might, if she had chosen, have been a leader of Paris society, is understandable.

The Kitty Fanes of this world do not often meet women with this air of "authority tempered by Christian charity . . . the condescension of a great lady and the humility of a saint."

All the Mother Superior tells Kitty of her past is that she made her decision to become a nun after two years of self-questioning, and that her name was once Odette.

Her parents had agreed, as a devout French family would, but, adds the Mother Superior, "It was very hard for my father. . . . I was his only daughter."

That is all the social background Mr. Maugham gives this great woman, but it is easy to fill in the blanks.

A happy girlhood in the close-knit French family atmosphere, the annual summer visits to Trouville or Biarritz, the Paris season with its brilliant balls, receptions, dinners, and young gallants seeking to marry her.

Then the day when she exchanged expensive gowns for the coarse serge and humble duties of the novice in her order.

Odette is not without human weakness, for she weeps when she tells Kitty of her last glimpse of France, and her aloofness can melt quite suddenly into friendliness and gaiety.



Peggy

Peggy's white little face shows only too plainly that she is anemic.

Peggy's dad also is far from robust and is suffering from inflammation of one eye. The result of their combined ill-health, added to dad's many bouts of unemployment, is that their rent is some £2 odd in arrears, and the threat of a visit from the "brokers" hangs over their heads. Their blankets and clothes are in pawn, which is not a cheerful state of affairs during cold weather.

Our readers will be doing a good deed to wind up 1937 if they will pass the hat round during Christmas week on behalf of Peggy's family, and send donations earmarked "Peggy," or for the General Fund, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Thanks, "Trefaldwyn," for your donation. Unfortunately, our space is too limited for us to carry out your suggestion.

You meet women like Odette in many spheres—in business, for example. But, as their design for living is different, so they often lack humanity and sense of humour.

There must be many like her in China to-day—though perhaps not so highly born—women to whom to be obeyed is natural, but who "accept obedience with humility."

Humility! In an age when thousands of raucous voices are urging you to Develop Your Personality and Express Yourself.

The professors of what is called Modern Thought deride humility. They never come in contact with women like the Mother Superior of Mei-tan-fu. They should.

Maugham has obviously drawn her from life, and it may be noted that the only great novelist of our time has made this nun so compelling and so strong a character that she dwarfs every other in the book—except Fane, the man who shares some of her saintly qualities, but not her sense of humour.

And her secret is love. When Fane dies and Kitty, now unwilling to leave, sets out for England, Odette sums up her creed and tells her:

"It is nothing to do your duty. The only thing that counts is the love of duty. When love and duty are one, then grace is in you, and you will enjoy a happiness which passes understanding."

And the convent door closes for the last time behind the woman who is a saint.

"My Favourite Heroine" next week will be one chosen by Frank Swinnerton, the famous novelist and critic.

Mr. Swinnerton's choice is a most unexpected one—you will find it lively and provocative reading.

Why endure
**SKIN
AGONY?**

Soothes
At a
Touch

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Conquers Even Terrible

BAD LEG!

Do not continue to endure the awful agony of Skin Afflictions! Everywhere, **GERMOLENE**, the Ointment with the wonderful Aseptic Principle, is conquering such obstinate troubles as Varicose Leg Ulcers and making 'Child's play' of ending the distressing unsightliness of Spots, Pimples, Eczema, etc. Immediately **GERMOLENE** is applied, inflammation subsides—irritation ceases—poisons and morbid matter are driven out and in a short time blemishes disappear, open wounds are healed clean without a scar! Skin Victims! Don't suffer! Get YOUR tin of **GERMOLENE** NOW!

ABSCESSES
BOILS
ITCH
WOUNDS
IMPETIGO
ULCERS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
PSORIASIS
SCALDS
SCRATCHES
ACNE, BURNS
RINGWORM

ALL
ENDED
Thanks to

Germolene
6 D 1/3, 3/- &
12/- per tin
Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use **GERMOLOIDS**

(Brand) 1/3 Per Box

Afraid



to eat it?

ARE you afraid to sit down to a good Christmas dinner—afraid because of the agony of wind and indigestion that you know will follow? If so, then your trouble is almost certainly excess acid: your stomach is producing too much acid and this acid is fermenting your food and irritating the delicate stomach lining. What you want is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid. 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises the dangerous, ulcerating excess acid, giving you immediate relief. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals and indigestion disappears like magic. It is used and prescribed by doctors everywhere for all digestive troubles. Get a bottle to-day.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6
Tablets: 6/-, 1/3 & 2/6

**You want
'Bisurated'
Magnesia**

£20 MUST BE WON

FITTING PHRASES

NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

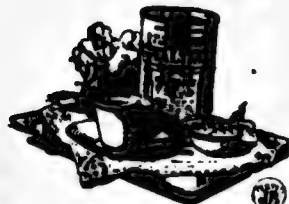
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

For Health
Strength and
Vitality

Drink delicious
OVALTINE
and note
the difference



B



C



A
Fruitful
Suggestion

O.K. Sauce is the making of a meal.
Its delicious flavour of fine fresh
fruits is tasty and does everyone a
world of good!

MASON'S
O.K. THE SAUCE
THAT DOES
YOU GOOD

**TRUST
YOUR DENTIST**



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM is your Dentist's
best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Its
antiseptic, germicidal properties protect them
against harmful germs that cause decay, and re-
store to them their natural whiteness. Get a tube
to-day, 1/6 and 1/- a tube. Of all Chemists
and Stores.

HE SAYS TRIAL
SIZE 6d.
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

BIG TREE

EMPIRE
BURGUNDY

Nature's Tonic

A Free Flagon
for 12 Capsules

Best Because Longest Matured



G



MANSION gives
her confidence to
welcome friends
at all times.

MANSION
POLISH
FOR FLOORS FURNITURE
& LINOLEUM

Brooke Bond
Dividend
Coffee
Essence

Good Coffee easily made—
Good Money easily saved
10d. bottle
THE LARGEST TENPENNY
ON THE MARKET

FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS (Section 6) Write clearly in ink.

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£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 6
Other Free £20 Contests appear on
pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 23, 27 & 29

Human Documents by Philip Inman

Ambition's
Cross Roads

"NO experience—a little money. What shall I do?" That summarises many a reader's problem. And in most cases their thoughts turn to a little business. Here, from a young woman, is a typical letter:

I am thirty-three years old and unmarried. I was an only child and I have lived at home all my life. I always wanted to become a nurse, but after my father's death, nine years ago, my mother became a semi-invalid, and I stayed to look after her.

Mother, however, died in September, and now I am left all alone. My only living relation is a married aunt in Australia, who has asked me to go and make my home with them. But I have thought that, as I have about five hundred pounds, I might try to become independent by taking over a little general shop.

I have, of course, had no experience, but as I have a fair amount of common-sense I think I should be able to make a success of it.

Would you kindly give me the benefit of your great advice?

I am going to make two suggestions to this girl. The first is that she should accept that invitation and go to see her aunt in Australia.

If for any reason she did not like the place and did not settle down there, she could always return.

Maybe, she would find there a very happy and useful niche. In any case, the expense involved would not be wasted.

Alternatively, why not adopt her earlier inclination and become a nurse? Providing her health is good, she is certainly not too old to commence training for this profession.

Not only is it a useful and absorbing profession, but it would enable her to make friends which, as she is all alone, is a very important factor.

"But," she may ask, "what are your objections to my taking over a little general shop?" I think I can answer that by quoting a letter from another correspondent. She will see some of the difficulties that small business people have to face.

Trade Fallen

This letter reads:

Fifteen years ago my sister and I purchased a general stores with our life savings, thinking that by doing so we should have some security in old age. For a long

time we did well, but during the last five or six years trade has fallen off owing to the competition of the big stores. And now, although I go out to work, we are in debt.

We have tried to dispose of the shop, but without success, and, even if we did so, my sister would find it difficult to get a job at fifty-eight, and a good part of the proceeds would have to be used in settling our liabilities.

We are feeling very distracted about things, and don't know what to do for the best.

This is a very difficult problem. They cannot dispose of the shop, and yet it is being run at a loss.

You can't blame those old customers. Naturally, they will go where they can buy the cheapest. But is it not possible to attract back some of that lost support?

Would not the wholesalers with whom they have dealt for years help them by letting them have a few cheap and attractive lines? If this were possible, they could send a note to some of their old customers soliciting their patronage once again.

Another suggestion is to try to introduce some other branch of business which is not in competition with the big stores. I am thinking of home-made cakes, hand-knitted garments and so on.

Avoid Risk

There are many men, I know, who ask themselves this question: "Should I stay for ever as a workman, or should I launch out on my own account?"

I am a married man, thirty-five years old, writes this correspondent, and we have two young children. Twelve months ago I took a job here at just over three pounds a week, but my idea was to find out if it would be possible for me to set up in business on my own in this neighbourhood, or whether it would be better to do so in the district where I had previously worked for twelve years with the same firm.

I am a shoeing and general smith, and was in charge of the shop for some time, and during the last year I kept a check of the proceeds and found that we were sixty pounds to the good.

I could get premises quite cheaply about five miles from my old employers, and I am sure there would be plenty of work, though I could not afford to lose money if the business should fail. On the other hand, there is the fear of being turned down as too old at forty-five if I remain in someone else's employ.

This man has a wife and two children dependent upon him. He cannot therefore afford to take any risk. On the other hand, he wants to do the best he can for his family and his future.

Has he managed to save any money? If, without borrowing, he can launch out for himself, and if he is satisfied that he can get plenty of work, then he would be justified in taking the plunge. I cannot advise that course if he has to borrow the necessary capital and pay interest on it.

Carry on

My next problem is a very common one. It is: "Should relations engage in business together?" This woman writes:

My husband is employed in the country as a chauffeur-gardener, and, as two years ago a smallholding became available, he and my brother decided to take it, and they agreed to go halves in the profits. Owing to the cost of foodstuff for the



A business of one's own may bring many difficulties

pigs and the poultry, progress has been slow and my husband now wants to take up the place.

My brother would be very disappointed if we took that step, for both he and I feel we should keep it on for another twelve months, as we think we are likely to do better.

What are the grounds which make this woman and her brother think they are likely to do better? If they are based on satisfactory evidence, then I certainly think that they might carry on for a bit longer.

After all, two years is not a long time to establish a profitable business. And it would be a pity to give it up if a success can be made of it. I advise her to point out those things to her husband. Let them all agree upon a time limit.

If, at the end of, say, twelve months success has not been achieved, then the scheme should be abandoned. If such an agreement is reached and adhered to, then there can be no disappointment for any of them.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. 21 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Important
Announcement

In next week's issue of JOHN BULL an important announcement of vital interest to every JOHN BULL reader will be published.

Full particulars will be announced of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938.

Present registered readers will be automatically qualified for the Benefit without having to re-register unless, of course, they have changed their address or newagent.

JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift for 1938 provides unparalleled protection for the breadwinner, his dependants and his home. In covering the three very essentials of family life, JOHN BULL's Security Gift is unique.

Don't miss next week's issue of JOHN BULL containing our announcement.

AERIALITE'S
new
NO MAST
type Aerial

The new no pole, no insulator, no trouble aerial. Not affected by gales. Improves selectivity and reduces electrical interference. Makes the best set better. Price

3/9

Easy to fix—everything you need is included in the kit. Boxed, complete with 40ft. Aerialite down lead, bracket, etc. All good radio dealers stock Aerialite specialities. If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct and we will send post free.

AERIALITE LTD.
CASTLE WORKS, STALYBRIDGE

WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks pink.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

FOR IT CLASS COMFORT
WARMTH AT THIS SEASON
TAKE
NIPITS
1st VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
3rd OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

CROSSWORD No. 89.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 32 is presented the eighty-ninth of JOHN BULL's entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided. Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lucieville Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., and Doctor C. K. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry-answering has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word should be preferred on the list of answers and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, January 11, 1938. The names which secured the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL's free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable or instructed on page 32. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee is agreed to by the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is highly binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RHEUMATISM
Never too late to mend!

"We can't do any more for you—you're too old." With these words ringing in his ears Mr. T. B. of Smethwick, returned home after "clink" treatment. But he wasn't too old to benefit from Fynnon Salt! Read how he surprised his friends.

"Two years ago Rheumatism came upon me, and for 12 months I was under four different doctors; then they sent me to the 'clink.' I was there three months, and they told me they could do no more for me as I was too old. Then a friend told me about Fynnon Salt, so I tried it, and it has done me a lot of good. All my friends ask me what I have had, and I tell them Fynnon Salt."

Why does Fynnon Salt succeed even when all else fails? This is why. Fynnon Salt combines the elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, the minerals found in the waters of world-famous Spas! A teaspoonful in a glassful of water every morning is a Spa treatment at home! It rids you of the root causes of Rheumatism—Uric Acid, poisonous waste. Liver and kidneys are restored to condition; pain and stiffness lessen and go. Naturally, you become free and fit again—and to remain so you merely take that teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in water every day. Large tins 1/3, at all chemists.

ARTIST'S PRINCE

GRAND NATIONAL entries are due in the first week of January, and then I can suggest a few likely ones to couple up with my Lincolnshire long-shot—Artist's Prince.

A split second robbed JOHN BULL readers of the Spring "double" last year, for Laureat II went under by a neck and Royal Mail duly obliged. Perhaps luck will favour us on this occasion.

Weights for the Victory Chase and Victory Hurdle—New Year events at Manchester—lead me to put up Argentat and Prudent Achtol. Both are trained by W. Payne at Epsom.

Bank Holiday selections at Kempton are Knight of Tanya and Honquan.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 23, to Wednesday, December 29. B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 O E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T P 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the Sporting Life and Daily Herald read those above or below as the case may be. Example: IL95ME98L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. 96KE2BR would read FOSSIL.



may bring many difficulties

e poultry, progress has been

er would be very disappointed

the grounds which make this

two years is not a long time

ivate problem to "Humanist."

Important Announcement

Week's issue of JOHN BULL
Important announcement of vital
to every JOHN BULL reader will
be made.
Particulars will be announced of
L's Great Free Family Insur-
ance for 1938.
Registered readers will be
generally qualified for the bene-
fit without having to re-
register unless, of
course, they have
changed their address
or new agent.
JOHN BULL's Free In-
surance Gift for 1938
provides unparalleled
protection for the bread-
winner, his dependants
and his home. In cover-
ing the three very essen-
tials of family life, JOHN
BULL's security
gift is unique.
Don't miss next
week's issue of
JOHN BULL con-
taining our an-
nouncement.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

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CLOSING DATE:

Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.

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1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Euthymol
used
overnight means
early
morning
freshness

EUTHYMOL
THE TOOTH PASTE OF THE FUTURE

Send for a 7-day free sam-
ple tube to Dept. 67A/112,
Euthymol, 50, Beak Street,
London, W.1.

PRICE
1/3
OF ALL
COUNTRIES

B

A
MEAL IN
A MOMENT

Delicious — Nourish-
ing — Digestive —
Good for Invalids
and those suffering
from Gastric trouble
— No preparation —
No cooking — A treat
for Xmas — Ready
to serve with all
your hot and cold
dishes, fish, game, etc.

**SMITH'S
CRISPS**

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 24 A PACKET, AND LARGER SIZES
BUY THEM NOW.

C

THE
IDEAL
XMAS
GIFT!

City de Luxe

56

Give him a City de
Luxe and you give
him pipe-perfection!

In a variety of shapes
— select his favourite
shaped-bowl!
OF AN HIGH-CLASS
TOBACCONIST.

OPPENHEIMER PIPES LTD.
28, Piccadilly, E.C.1.

D

A WINE TO
WELCOME
YOUR GUESTS

This Christmas gladden your guests with the soft
magic of Celesta Pale Dry Fino Sherry, shipped by
Bartola & Co., Ltd., Xerez, Spain. There is no
sherry at the price of finer quality and bouquet.
On sale by all leading Wine Merchants throughout
the United Kingdom.

CHAPLINS
CELESTA SHERRY

LONDON, GLASGOW, PARIS, XEREZ, etc.

5/-
PER
BOTTLE

E

have
you
a
friend
who
shaves?

give him a
ROLLS RAZOR

SELF-MONING
SELF-STROPPING

21/- 27/6
PRESENTATION
SETS UP TO
20 GNS.

F

FINE PORT
most fitting for
Christmas
Hospitality

Chaplins Concord Port is a completely
satisfying answer to your Christmas
hospitality problem. Rich—mellow—
exquisite Concord Port is a product of
the famous Alto Douro district—the
home of the finest ports.

5/-
PER
BOTTLE

CHAPLINS
CONCORD PORT

LONDON, GLASGOW, PARIS, Oporto, etc.

G

I BRING YOU
HOURS OF FUN

AND SO
SAY ALL
OF US!

"Corinthian" is the fullest, most exciting Rummikub
for family fun. For a spring plunger or run as you
prefer—the different coloured balls enable a crowd
to play and the new arrangement of pins and mark-
ings make a genuine Corinthian. A game in a thimble—
and "Corinthian" cost as little as 10 GNS. (up to
£1.50), and the very latest "TWINITY-CORINTHIAN",
for two players, 20 GNS.

CORINTHIAN
for family fun

You can buy it everywhere.
Prices do not apply in I.P.S.
ABNEY SPORTS CO., LTD.
25-27, Essex Road, E.C.2.

7 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

Address
(Section 7) Write clearly in ink.

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£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 7

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Adventures of a Rolling Stone



WHEN I left you last week I had escaped back across the American border after having been captured with two friends running guns into

Mexico.

For two nights and a day I had wandered in the arid, lonely hills, finding at last a farmhouse where I got a meal, and then a lift into San Diego, California.

I spent the rest of the day searching San Diego for my friends—we had been forced to split up to avoid recapture by Mexican soldiery—but I could not find them.

I was undecided what to do—whether to remain in San Diego or go up north to Los Angeles. I was resolved not to get mixed up with gun-running again. Those sort of adventures are best enjoyed in books.

In the end I decided to go north, and I jumped a freight train.

My gun-running escape had started in Los Angeles so I stayed there only long enough to get a train bound for San Francisco.

I had succeeded in getting an empty box-car to myself—a rare luxury on the west coast. It was full of clean straw.

While I was busy making a bed I heard the sound of voices out in the yard. A minute later I was blinking into the glare of an electric torch.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked a deep voice.

It was that of a railroad "bull" or detective. These fellows had no mercy on hoboes as a rule. They have been known to kick men off trains travelling at high speed. I was so scared it took me several seconds to find my voice.

"Waal, come out of there, and let's have a look at you."

In the light of the yard I saw the huge "bull" holding a murderous-looking gun.

"Where you come from?" he asked.

"Los Angeles, sir."

"What do you mean by illegally riding on this train?"

"I had no other way of getting to my mother, sir—she's dying."

"Your old lady's dying, huh," he said in a softer voice.

"Yes, sir. I want to see her before she goes."

He thought for a while.

"O.K.," he said. "Get back.

If anybody else sees you, you ain't seen me, see?"

"I see, sir."

My poor mother. She must have been on the verge of dying a hundred times during this hectic period of my life!

Thus I went on to San Francisco. In Howard Street, known as the "slave market," because all the employment bureaus are there, I met a sailor who had just been fired from the *Buckeye State*, sister ship of the *Hawkeye State*, in which I had sailed to California.

He told me that several stewards had left the ship, and that I should have little trouble in getting a job.

"Where's she going?" I asked him.

"Honolulu," he replied.

That afternoon I was sailing the blue Pacific on my way to Honolulu, mecca of millionaires, dream town of the world. Here I was to encounter another exciting adventure.

I found that the town lived up to its reputation. It is a city of beautiful foliage, silky surfs, light-hearted natives strumming ukuleles and guitars, under skies that are always blue.

On the way over I chummed up with a

NIGHT ESCAPE IN HONOLULU



By
Conrad Phillips

fellow named Dyer—Bill Dyer, who hailed from Butte, Montana. Bill was a lad after my own heart.

He had been in everything that offered excitement—bootlegging, punching cows, sailing ships and the lumber camps.

He was a tall, muscular youngster of about twenty-two, with curly, fair hair and smiling blue eyes. We got on well together, and learned much from each other's experiences.

One night, while we were watching some native girls doing a hulu-hulu dance in a rather low cabaret, we got acquainted with a man who was supposed to live in the town.

He was tall, lean, with prominent cheek bones. By the colour of his skin he had lived in the sun most of his life.

He came over and sat at our table. After a general conversation we learned what it was he wanted.

When he heard that we were on the *Buckeye State* he asked us if we would like to earn some big money.

"What's the proposition?" Bill asked.

"Could you smuggle a woman on board and see that she gets into San Francisco safely?" he asked.

"That's a mighty tall order."

"Well, if you can't, it's no use wasting time. That's, briefly, my proposition."

"It depends what it's worth."

"Two hundred for each of you, but you'll have to do more than just that."

The man explained that the woman he wanted us to get aboard was the wife of a wealthy Chinaman. Her husband had ill-treated her and was keeping her more or less a prisoner.

The man's connection with her was that of an old friend. He had known her a few years before when he was a soldier.

On his return from France he had heard she had married and gone to Shanghai.

The man had corresponded with her, and recently she had arrived in Honolulu with her husband.

He had learned she wished to escape.

and the only way she could do this was, he contended, by smuggling her aboard one of the ships.

I did not believe his story. It sounded too far-fetched. But, since life is stranger than fiction, it might have been true.

Bill, who was far more credulous than I, took it all in and told the man he was willing to help him.

"That's fine," the man said. "When is the ship sailing?"

When Bill had told him, the man said that he would meet us again the day before the ship sailed and would give us final instructions.

When he was gone, I told Bill that in my opinion the stranger was a lunatic and asked him to forget the deal.

"I'm not so sure about that," said Bill. "We'll see."

The stranger turned up at the appointed time.

"Everything is fixed for to-morrow evening," he said. "I want you two boys to drive out with me to her house. There you will wait in the back garden until you see her."

"She will climb down from a balcony. When she's with you, all you've got to do is to take her through the plantation at the back to my car. I shall be waiting some distance down the road."

"And when do we get the dough?" Bill asked.

"As soon as she's safe on the ship."

"O.K.," said Bill.

The man was waiting for us outside the quay. It was, I remember, a brilliant moonlight night, with a soft breeze blowing across the island.

"I thought for a moment that you boys weren't going to show up," the man said.

When we had explained the difficulty we had in getting away, we discussed the best method of smuggling the woman on board.

Bill seemed to think that the only way was to let her go aboard on the pretence of seeing one of the passengers.

Having agreed on this course, we set off through the palm-lined streets to the home of the Chinaman.

WE got there twenty minutes later.

The stranger stopped his car in a lonely part of the road and walked with us as far as the house. It was a squarish place, built in Spanish style. At the back was a plantation, and a window near the balcony was lit up.

"She'll come out of there in about ten minutes," the man said, consulting his watch. "You can get in at the back—along the plantation."

"I don't like the look of this," I said to my friend as we walked along a hedge that separated a garden from the plantation.

"Aw, come on," he grumbled. "We can't turn back now."

We found a large hole in the hedge through which we could pass comfortably. On the other side we crouched down and crawled towards some bushes near the house.

When we had gone a few yards, I saw

something that made my hair stand on end. It was the figure of a man crouching in the bushes only a few feet ahead of us.

Grabbing Bill's arm, I pulled him to a standstill. In the moonlight, I could see him staring at me wildly.

"There's a guy in the bushes over there," I whispered.

"Beat it," he said.

No sooner had the words left my lips than we were both startled by the crack of a revolver. We leaped to our feet and dashed like hares for the hedge. Bill was in front of me.

Several shots followed, echoing loudly through the plantation. Bill was across the hedge like a flash, but I slipped and fell headlong into a bush.

When I got to my feet, my hand was nowhere in sight. Behind me, I heard the gabble of voices. Thinking of saving my life, I ran blindly into the plantation.

At length I became exhausted and was compelled to stop. How far I had run, I do not know, but the voices had died away.

MOONBEAMS piercing the trees and shining on the undergrowth, formed a fantastic picture.

After wandering in the plantation for some time, I came to a road. Here I stopped a car and got a ride back to Honolulu.

When I got back to the ship trouble was brewing. The second steward had been searching all over for me. I was wanted urgently in the saloon.

The second steward was fuming when I saw him. He was a slight, narrow-chested Cockney who had got on in the world and never quite understood why.

"Where do you think you bin to?" he demanded.

"I went ashore to see a girl," I replied.

He glared at me furiously.

"As it ever struck you 'ow long you're going to last on this 'ere boat when we reach 'Frisco?"

"Often! Just long enough to draw my pay!"

"Blimey!" he retorted. "You certainly got a marvellous imagination for a lime-juicer (Englishman)."

His wisecrack tickled him, and he went off smiling like a Bloomsbury high-brow who had accidentally got something into print.

What did I care if the laugh was on me? It stopped his nagging.

The ability to laugh with people who laugh at you is a vital part of the successful rolling stone's make-up. It smoothes out opposition, strengthens your character, and enables you to hold your own in any company.

Dyer returned to the boat ten minutes before we weighed anchor.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, sighing profoundly at the sight of me. "I thought you'd got bumped off. I went back to see what had happened, and guess what I saw?"

"What?" I asked.

"Cops! The place was full of them. They must have thought we were burglars."

"Did you see the guy who took us there?"

"Not a glimpse. I wonder what his real game was?"

"Search me!"

And we left it at that.

San Francisco was ahead and, since both of us meant to leave the ship, there were plans to be made.

On this
Which photo
awarded to
of the seven
Director of
The prize of

We
The
will be
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Key Letter
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£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do

is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1 d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 12th, 1938.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 10.

- FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW**
1. To be so popular it must be good.
 2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
 3. You can't do better than try it.
 4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
 5. Everybody's Favourite.
 6. Quantity and Quality.
 7. Worthwhile of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages all entries may be included in same envelope.

A **NICE MEDICINE—**
Make it a Double!

Many a man who walks into his office this morning feeling like death will step blithely back after lunch with a double De Kuyper inside him—so great is the power of this fine Hollands Gin to put you right.

Maybe you're not feeling so good to-day—spot of backache, or liver out of sorts—or just tummy funny. What you need is a double De Kuyper. To-night, if you have to be gay, touch off the merry spark with a De Kuyper, and don't let your pals down. Marvellous what a double De Kuyper will do when life is grim.

De KUYPER
HOLLANDS
GIN

B

A clever way of saving money!

Brooke Bond Dividend Tea

8d. per lb.
You get 5/- dividend every time you fill up a Brooke Bond Dividend Card with coupons from the packets

C **RECOVERING** from 'flu, or resisting 'flu when others have it all around you—there's nothing like Wincarnis. A glass of Wincarnis every morning and every evening puts health in your body, a light in your eye and a song in your heart.

WIN HEALTH
WIN STRENGTH
WINCARNIS

The wine of Life
—3/3 and 5/6 a bottle

E

Her Teeth are SAFE

from dangerous Scouring

She uses Odol, the toothpaste dentists recommend because it is so fine and smooth and cannot damage the enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. If your present paste is the least bit gritty change to Odol and be SAFE.

Odol

Odol can be obtained from all chemists as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Cold Denture Powder.

D

Look smart!

1/- in Bottles and Tubes.

BRYLCREEM

YOUR HAIR

The COUNTY PERFUMERY Co., North Circular Rd., West Twyford, N.W.10

F

IT'S REMINGTON

yet only **£9.9.0—**

The strongest, sturdiest personal writing machine made—the Remington Home Portable. Efficient, accurate, reliable. Full keyboard, standard machine. Light touch, smooth, easy action. Complete with case and full guarantee. Write for booklet No. C.C.164, or apply to your local Dealer or Salesman. Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3. (Phone: Mansion House 3333.)

REMINGTON

HOME PORTABLE

Assembled in Gt. Britain by British labour. (£9.9.0 cash or 10 monthly payments of £1. Complete with case.

G

GOOD TEMPER STARTS IN THE STOMACH

Just you try

PAN YAN!

3/4d, 10/4d, 1/6

8 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Put in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS (Section 8). Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 8

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25 & 27

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ADDRESS (Section 8). Write clearly in ink.

Reader's Story by George Chilton

CONSIDERING all my war experiences, it was rather odd that my greatest thrill should come after the Armistice.

I had gone into Germany with the British Army of Occupation, and when the time came for me to be demobbed I decided to stay in the country.

My total wealth on leaving the Army was about 500 marks. This I figured would be ample to keep me until I found a job, but I had, unfortunately, not estimated the internal conditions of the country.

With the unemployment situation being what it was, my 500 marks were soon absorbed, and I was reduced to destitution. At the time I was living in the town of Solingen.

With the prospect of becoming homeless, I went, out of desperation, to the police, asking them if they could suggest where I might find a job in the town.

Following their advice, I went to Cologne to see the British Consul. To do this I had to walk thirty miles, only to learn when I got there that, as I had stayed in Germany of my own free will, he was not in a position to help me.

Back in Solingen, I sought the advice of the police again. The officer on duty at the time had a friend in the building trade who might, he said, have a vacancy at his works.

A subsequent interview with this gentleman proved successful, and I started work the following day.

For a day or two work was difficult, for a period of starvation had considerably weakened my system, but, with regular feeding, I soon settled down to be as good at my job as the others.

One morning about a week later, while on the way to work, I was stopped by a man who proved to be a detective.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I have to interrogate you. Is your name Chilton?"

"It is," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Are you English?"

"I am."

"Then you must accompany me to the police station."

"I shall be pleased to do that when I know who you are?"

"I'm a detective." Pausing, he felt in his pocket. "Here are my credentials," he added, proffering an official card.

Satisfied with his identity, I went along with him, wondering what he could possibly be wanting with me. On the way to the station I said, "Excuse me, but what am I to be charged with?"

"You will see later," he replied.

After a brief visit to the local police station, I was taken to Elberfeld Prison. Here I was handed over to the prison authorities.

Not being charged with any offence, I was not only mystified but considerably perturbed, for my incarceration amounted to nothing less than kidnapping.



But thinking that some mistake had been made, I said nothing to the subordinate prison officials. For the time would come, I was confident, when I should be confronted by higher authorities, from whom I should get an explanation.

In the prison, I was told to undress. When I had done so, all my clothes were taken from me and I was given a prison suit and a cell. Left alone, I pondered over what was in store for me.

Little did I dream as I sat on the bed that night what was to happen on the morrow.

The worst that could happen to me was, I imagined, to be charged with some trivial alien offence. But what was more likely was that I had been mistaken for somebody bearing my name.

I awoke the following morning feeling terribly depressed, for I had scarcely closed my eyes during the night. About ten o'clock I was told by the warder that I was wanted in the governor's office.

After waiting an hour in an outer office, I was finally taken before two men in civilian clothes who sat at a large desk. I noticed that as I came in they closely scrutinised me.

"Can you speak German?" one of them asked me.

Although I could speak fluent German, I decided that it was best to pretend that I didn't understand the language. So, instead of replying, I looked at them dumbly and shrugged my shoulders.

"Apparently, he doesn't understand," the other commented.

"On the other hand, maybe he understands but pretends he doesn't." He looked up at me. "Do you understand espionage?" he asked.

I saw what they were getting at now. They suspected me of being a spy. Had I not deceived them as to my knowledge of German, I might have cleared myself there and then. As it was, I had to maintain my silence.

"All right," the speaker said to the warder, "take him back to his cell."



That evening, I was visited by a man who spoke to me in English. He told me that I had better make a clean breast of my spying activities, or I should be shot.

The German secret police knew, he said, the extent of my work in Germany, and were prepared to take a lenient view provided I gave them all the details of my work.

"But I've not done any spying," I said. "The whole thing is ridiculous."

"I'm sorry," he said, "to see such a young man lose his life. Had you been sensible, the worst to happen to you would be deportation." He stood up. "You will die at dawn to-morrow."

When he had gone, I was nonplussed by the incredible situation. I had no hope. They would take me out of my

To Be Shot at Dawn!



"I was marched away to the cells"

cell, march me to the yard below, and shoot me.

Thinking about my terrible end, I attempted to find a way of escape. I looked about me. But it didn't take long to see that it was impossible to escape from this cell.

I pondered the matter. I thought that when they came to take me, I might stand a chance of knocking out the warders.

When you're desperate, your mind fastens on to any possibility that presents itself to the imagination. When it does, it dresses it up in the most fantastic garments.

But, after a while, the cold light of sanity creeps in, and you begin to despair. There was, I finally saw, not a hope of escaping that way.

Frantic with fear, I began to pace my cell, muttering to myself that they couldn't kill me, an innocent man. When I stopped walking I would listen. But all was quiet—deathly quiet.

Hours passed—passed with amazing rapidity; then I heard a cock crow. Sounds were audible in the prison

now, like men moving about and preparing their rifles for use. Gradually the background of my cell window began to fade, being replaced by a bluish light. I beheld this change with fearful eyes, as it meant the end of me.

My mind now raced with thoughts—thoughts of my home, my family, my friends, snatches of my past life when I was happy, of marching with my old comrades, and of dying.



Suddenly, they all vanished and one remained to illumine my mind. "Why not confess?" I thought, "for to confess would save your life."

It was a great idea. It relieved me; it made me laugh out loud with joy. When the warders came later, I wasn't afraid, despite the expression of grimness manifest in their eyes.

"I must see the man I saw yesterday," I said, as I was marched along a corridor.

"You see the governor," one of them said.

"All right, he'll do." I was marched into the same office as I'd visited yesterday.

Sitting in the chair was a large obese man. To my great astonishment, his face was beaming with smiles.

"I'm sorry if you have been inconvenienced," he said. "A mistake has been made. We are satisfied that you are innocent of what we accused you yesterday. You may go."

I cannot adequately express the feelings that followed this announcement other than by saying that they constituted my greatest thrill.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 207640, George Chilton, White House Lane, Wauburn, Bucks.

Have you entered the "FITTING PHRASES COMPETITION"?

8 Cheques of £20 each are offered Free in this simple contest!

This week "John Bull" offers £160 in cash in a simple advertisement Competition appearing on pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29. Don't on any account miss it! All prizes must be won. NO Entrance Fee. Why not make it a Fireside Game and get all the family to help?

Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes of £20 are being awarded. There are 2 free coupons on each page—16 in all—so send in your entries NOW, and make a "bee-line" for one of these £20 cheques.

Turn to
Pages 12, 14, 16, 21,
23, 25, 27 and 29.

Have you seen page 26?



Have you seen the important Notice from JOHN BULL to its readers which is published in page 26 of this issue? If not, turn to it at once. This announcement concerns you, your family, and your home, and great news that JOHN BULL will announce next week. Turn to page 26 at once.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND SICKNESS BENEFITS

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
Date.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/12/37

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....
Age.....
Address.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
Date.....
Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/12/37

LET YOUR CHRISTMAS WINES BE BRITISH—

WHITEWAY'S

Pull Alcoholic Strength

PORT STYLE WINES (RUBY or WHITE)

BRITISH SHERRY

STOCKED BY 5,000 WINE MERCHANTS

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

Eat... J.L. Dates

Richest in Vitamins and full of Concentrated Sunshine.
Handsome Free Gifts for the Home.

HOCHART & CO., LTD., 7, James Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

£160 FREE CASH PRIZES—Must be Won!

Eight separate Cash Prizes of £20 each must be won in the free, simple and fascinating Competition of "Fitting Phrases."
No entrance fee! Two Free Coupons on each page—16 in all!

Enter Now! Turn to pages 12, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves and Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hemorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape. Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

ARE THESE CASES LIKE YOUR OWN?

"For years I endured great pain through piles, both outward and internal. At 35 I began to feel like an old woman. Zam-Buk ended the irritation, caused the piles to vanish completely and saved me an operation."—Mrs. F. F., Galashiels.

"The pain and hemorrhage of piles were very weakening and often I couldn't sit or walk in comfort. Thanks to Zam-Buk the piles have gone and I've had no more pains or symptoms since."—Mr. E. B., Saltash.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

HEADACHES

get you down
—dull your
wits!



KORAY

puts you RIGHT!

When your head is jumping, spinning, bursting, you're a menace to everybody, to yourself most of all. You're bad-tempered and depressed. Everything gets on your nerves! Your mind is dull and lifeless. Don't put up with headaches any longer! Koray Tablets will ease you quickly, surely, safely. Koray leaves you clear-headed, pain-free, able to do your work efficiently and enjoyably. Just try a packet and prove it for yourself.

KORAY TABLETS GIVE INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF IN ALL CASES OF

HEADACHE	NEURITIS	FACEACHE
NEURALGIA	FEMININE AILMENTS	TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM	AND RESULTING	DOLOREUX
LUMBAGO	DEPRESSION	SLEEPLESSNESS
SCIATICA	HEAD COLDS	AND ALL
MALARIA	INFLUENZA	CONDITIONS
FEVERISHNESS	EARACHE	INVOLVING PAIN
SORE THROAT		

ONLY CHEMISTS SELL KORAY

PER WALLET OF 10 TABLETS **6^p**

PER WALLET OF 28 TABLETS **1/3**



Also in Wallets at 2/6 for 60. Sample Wallets at 3 for 3d.

KORAY LTD. LONDON, N.1

HERE IS JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PENSION - PLUS - CASH X-WORD OFFER WITH FIRST

20! £300

Win WEEKLY FOR LIFE and

SPLendid 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500

NEW YEAR HAMPER!

CONTENTS
Fowl, Sausages, Cake, Fruit, Cigarettes, Chocolates, etc.
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 AND OVER.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of Winning Square in "John Bull"

MERRY XMAS, CROSSWORDERS—AND PRIZES GALORE IN THE NEW YEAR!

HERE is your final opportunity to win the magnificent First Prize which heads JOHN BULL'S last great Crossword Offer of 1937. Be quick with your squares or you may be presenting 20s. Weekly for Life and £300 to somebody else!

To every winner of £1 or more JOHN BULL will present a giant New Year Hamper. Scores of such 10-in-1 Feasts have been won by our Crossworders for Christmas; here is your opportunity to capture one with which to celebrate the New Year.

Only a few days remain before this varied prize-list will be beyond your reach. So tackle the Clues this evening and make sure that your entry reaches JOHN BULL by Saturday, January 1.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. New luxury hotel is sure to be this during holiday season
5. Child may be really hurt when grown-up steps on this
8. Lawyer practices this
9. Is sometimes taken after accident
10. Sunken space around basement of building
11. Hurried in Rangoon
13. Frequently difficult to check when running wild
16. Land surrounded by water
18. This of fence is rarely easy to dig up
21. Often spoilt by bad carving
23. Often whistle around the house
25. Bit of warmth in uniform
27. Land noise
29. These are worn on the feet
31. Frozen water
32. Atmosphere is sometimes warmed up by one
33. This of big industrial town is anything but fresh and green
34. People often break plates in

DOWN

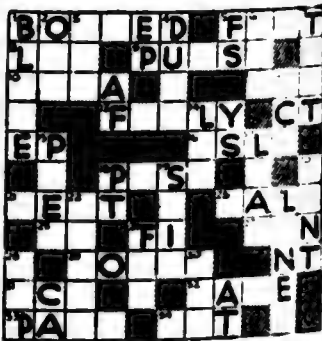
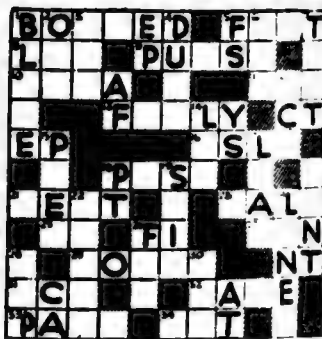
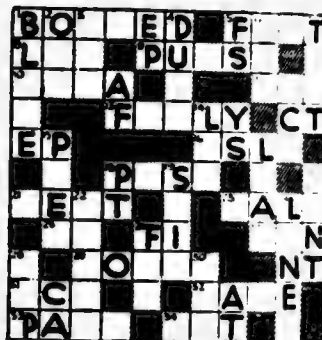
1. Hard blowing is necessary to get a Serce one
2. Used to propel a boat
3. Be in debt
4. Role which stars play is often this
6. Poetical form of "over"
7. Red one is usually conspicuous
12. High card
14. Illuminated
15. One on front is sometimes centre of attraction
17. Weight of this is often surprising
19. Humorous one is sometimes seen on stage
20. Poor people are happy to find landlord's this
22. Yellowish colour in Camberwell
24. Should be able to stand plenty of knocking about
26. Trap is frequently set for cunning one
28. Customer sometimes gives harber
30. Begin sherry here

TO HELP YOU WIN

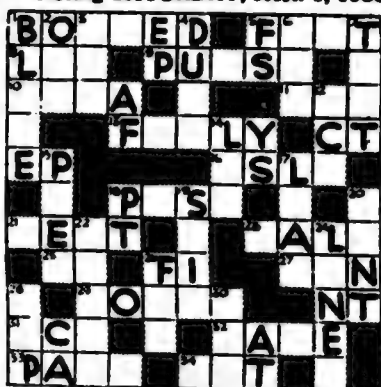
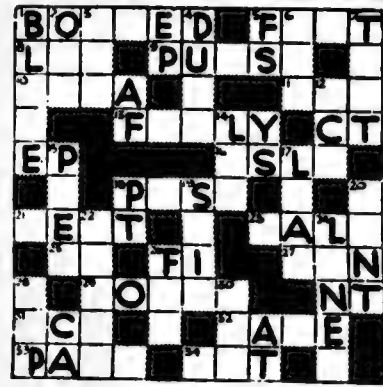
The greatest possible assistance to would-be Crossword winners is a study of the Reasons for the Adjudication Committee's findings, published each week in JOHN BULL'S free Crossword Gazette.

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for Crossword Gazette provided below. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 89. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1938.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

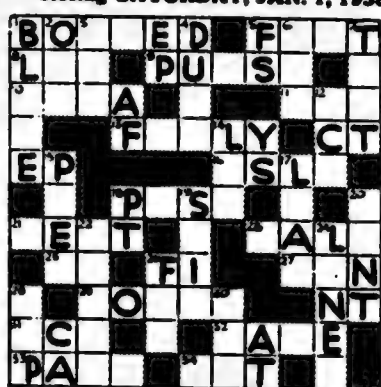
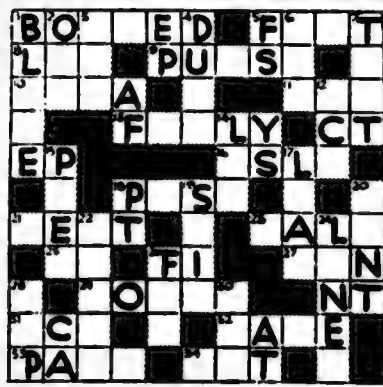
No.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 89. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1938.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it £/s/; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 1, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Forms from this "John Bull" each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (10 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such error occurs in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 18, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries adjudicated only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 26.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 89, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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21 DOWN secures modern Home Remington Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this unique offer by writing for Booklet No. C.C.166, mentioning John Bull, to the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3. See page 20.

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PIANO ACCORDIONS? HESSY'S—of course! Paolo Soprani, Prestantini, Dallage, etc. Models from 5/- weekly.—Write, HESSY'S, LTD., 20, Manchester Street, LIVERPOOL.

A FREE humorous book can be obtained from Mullard, the famous valve manufacturers. Simply send a postcard for a copy, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. V.S.J. Mullard, 225, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

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GET this new Radio Brochure—all about latest 1938 models. To make sure of getting the lowest price, the best terms, write at once for Xmas Folder offered by Curry's on page 18.

FIX the new Aerolite aerial wire to your set and you will get better results. No insulators needed. If your dealer cannot supply, obtain direct, post free, from Aerolite, Ltd., Castle Works, Stalybridge, Cheshire. See p. 26.

TWELVE records Free! This is no catch! With every purchase of a Decca all-wave Radiogram 50, at 18 gns., you get twelve records free. Get free particulars of this excellent model and this record offer by writing, mentioning John Bull, to Decca, 1, 3, Britton Road, London, S.W.6.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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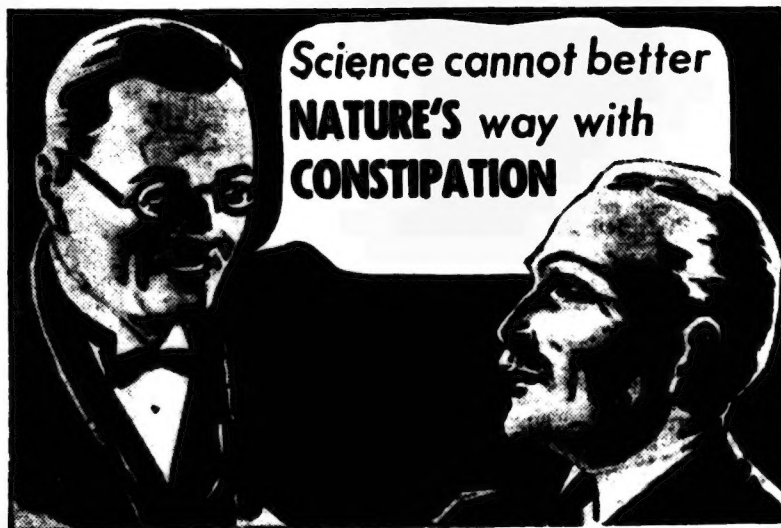
YOU can obtain a novel tablet container into which you can put your Phyllosan Tablets, together with free book, if you write, mentioning John Bull, to Natural Chemicals, Ltd. (Dept. 47), 12, Clifton Street, London, W.1, and enclose 11d. stamp.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon., for name and address of nearest corsetier. See page 14.

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet offered by makers of Iron Jellies. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Iron Jellied Co. (Dept. J.31), Watford, Herts.

SEND for this special free booklet. "The Truth about our Wine," issued by Whiteley's. The name everyone knows, and whose British wines are pure and healthful and are approved by the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene. The booklet contains illustrations in beautiful colours. Every John Bull reader should get a copy. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Whiteley's Cider Co., Ltd., Whimpey, Devon.

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK THIS XMAS? In any mixed company there are many tastes, fancies and preferences, especially when it comes to Xmas-time beverages. Almost everyone young or old enjoys a glass of rich, full-bodied Ginger Wine. Do you know that with the aid of Mason's Ginger Wine Essence, costing only 9d. per bottle, you can make 100 glasses of the finest Ginger Wine you have ever tasted? Well, that is so, and every year thousands more families are introduced to this splendid, old-fashioned beverage which has the tang of real ginger about it. As it is non-intoxicating, it is good for all the party, not excepting the youngsters. Your Grocer, Chemist and Stores all sell Mason's Ginger Wine Essence at only 9d. per bottle, or you can obtain it post free for 1/- from the makers by writing Newball & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, who will also supply you with the name and address of your nearest retailer.



Science cannot better
NATURE'S way with
CONSTIPATION

You cannot better Nature's way of remedying the ills our civilisation has brought us. Constipation is one of these ills...and Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is Nature's reply. ALL-BRAN cleanses like a water-softened sponge. Within the body the soft "bulk" of ALL-BRAN gently exercises intestinal muscles, and sponges out the system. Eat two tablespoonsful a day and you will always be regular. You serve it straight from the packet, with milk or cream. No cooking necessary. All grocers sell it.



7½D
Per
Packet

**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN**

The Natural Laxative Food 531

A FREE Offer!—to all who are run down. A generous sample of Anger's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning John Bull, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.28), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. Attach 6d. stamp for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONJURING.—You can become famous and earn large fees with a "Course of Magic by Post," success assured.—Write for prospectus, Tattersall, Dept. S.61, Dartmouth Park Road, London, N.W.5.

WRITE, mentioning John Bull, for free particulars of how to make your dog's coat grow healthy and bright by giving him Benbow's Dog Mixture. See page 14.

FREE to home lovers. A copy of an interesting booklet, "How to Make a Sound Job of a Small Roof," containing 101 helpful little hints. See page 12.

FREE.—Send for a special free gift book showing valuable gifts in exchange for coupons from Distill Coffee.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to the Distill Mfg. Co. (1921), Ltd., Mocha House, Mint Street, London, S.E.1.

ACCEPT this free offer. Sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 74 112, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Ensure dental hygiene by writing for free trial tube now. See page 27.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL NAVY.

VACANCIES FOR CONTINUOUS SERVICE.

Service is for 12 years from the age of 18, or date of entry if older, with an opportunity if suitable of completing 22 years to qualify for a pension.

SEAMAN BRANCH.

BOYS—for training in the Seaman, Signal and Wireless Telegraphy Branches. Age limits—15 to 16½ years.

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ENGINE ROOM ARTIFICERS—Trades: Fitter, Fitter and Turner, Boilermaker or Coppersmith.

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STOKERS, 2nd CLASS—Age limits 18 to 25 years.

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SICK BERTH ATTENDANT PROBATIONERS—Age limits 18 to 27 years.

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Service is for 12 years combined service in the Royal Navy and Royal Fleet Reserve, 7 years of which, in addition to any period served whilst under the age of 18 must be in the Royal Navy. Men entered for Special Service may transfer to Continuous Service providing they show sufficient promise and reach the physical standards required.

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BOYS—for training as Seamen. Age limits 16½ to 17½ years.

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ORDINARY SIGNALMEN } Age limits. 17½ to 25 years.
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Previous experience not essential except in the Artificer and Artisan Branches.

In addition to pay—food, accommodation, uniform on entry and medical attendance is provided free. Marriage Allowance. Splendid chances of seeing the World. Generous periods of leave with cheap travelling facilities. Good opportunities for promotion and a pension for life.

For full particulars apply to the Recruiting Staff Officer, R.N. & R.M. (J.), 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, or at any R.N. & R.M. Recruiting Office.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Vacancies exist in all branches: Good pay, food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

MISCELLANEOUS—(Continued).

ACCEPT this free Test. Are you going grey? Even Williams' TUNISIAN henna safely colours grey hair. Send the firm a cutting from the greyest part of your hair and they will treat this with the correct shade of TUNISIAN henna to show the actual effect. No charge of obligation is incurred. Send at once to the Evans Williams Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Pettsville, Greenford, Middlesex.

PLAYERS FOR CHRISTMAS. Daily distributed Christmas packings are again a feature, which the manufacturers of the famous Players' Navy Cut Cigarettes offer to smokers for the coming Christmas Season.

Printed with an appropriate greeting, these packings of Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes supply the happiest of all solutions to the gift problem, and, having address space, they can be dropped straight into the post with just the addition of recipient's name and address. The famous "Medium" blends are available in tins of 150 for 7/3, 100 for 4/10, 50 for 2/6 and in card boxes of 100 for 4/8, 50 for 2/5, 200 (packed in four 50's), 9/8, and 25 for 1/3. The "Mild" blend, which is so popular today, are supplied in card boxes, 25 for 1/3, 50 for 2/5 and 100 for 4/8. Only the 50 size, however, is available in the Xmas outer carton.

Specially blended for sensitive throats, Player's "Cork-Tipped" "Bachelor" Cigarettes, in flat tins of 50 for 2/6, always make an acceptable gift. Then there are those generous size Player's No. 3 Virginias in flat pocket tins of 50 for 3/4, for smokers who appreciate a cigarette of extra quality. Player's "Whiffs"—those delightful little cigars, with the real Havana flavour cost 10d. for five, while a more ample smoke is available in Player's "La Doncella" Cigars, which will in packets of five for 2/6 or in boxes of 25 and 50. Nor has the pipe smoker been forgotten. Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Tobacco in 1-lb. tins at 4/6 is always a favourite at Christmas time. Equally popular are "Airman" Mixture in 1-lb. tins, 3/6, "No Name" in 1-lb. tins 3/6, and the "Digger" range of all-Empire Tobaccos at 2/6 per 1-lb. tin.

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS Give Prompt Relief

They will save you doctor's bills.
Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

FRAZZLED NERVES

"Vitality in a Nut"

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.X.), 45, KING WILLIAM STREET,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart.
COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arteriosclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW. (Prescription No. 1108/T.). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6. Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.X.), 45, KING WILLIAM STREET,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.296) price 2d. post free.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of "Shadforth's." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 225.

Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

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The Special Shadforth Book on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B. 254) price 2d. post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth's Prescription (No. 2,000).

Prices: 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

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"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

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SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

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(Dept. J.B.X.), 45, KING WILLIAM ST.,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Dad...

Does Physical Jerks

by Maz



The Editor Laughs Last

A LOY (Mayfair).—"My one interest in life just now is singing." Is she in the chorus?

JOYFUL (Exmouth).—"We cannot shut our ears to the Christmas bells." Nor our eyes to the bills.

MANAGER (Plaistow).—"A quantity of snuff has mysteriously disappeared from the factory." Pinched?

W. P. (Ware).—"I lay crazy-paving, but there's not much doing at this time of year." A flagging industry.

Mrs. H. (Reading).—"When my husband said 'Umph,' I understood him to mean 'Yes.' You took it for granted.

T. M. (Ealing).—"I act as a professional masseur in my spare time." You combine business with pressure?

J. H. M. (Forres).—"The food of the future will be in the form of small cubes of concentrated vitamins." Square meals.

G. T. Y. (Leeds).—"Errand-boys as a whole despise tenement flats." And they don't care who hears them running down the steps.

G. C. (Highbury).—"Bandits in Texas are said to wear under-garments of chain mail." They're tough, mighty tough, in the west.

D. R. (Liverpool).—"The burglar's explanation that he had won the swag in a raffle was punctuated by a number of really funny jokes." A wisecrackaman.

A. K. (Waterloo).—"It is amazing how difficult it is to keep a proposed business amalgamation from becoming known." Merger will out.

D. W. (Leytonstone).—"I am going to lock my garden gate to keep the carol-singers from making a nuisance of themselves." Waits and measures.

J. S. (Dollor).—"What would your wife do if your answer to her first question concerning your late home-coming didn't satisfy her?" Ask us another!

H. A. L. (Liverpool).—"A rich woman boasts that she has 14 fur coats made of the skins of different animals." No wonder the wolf keeps away from her door.

BAKER (Ipswich).—"It was finally decided after much argument that there was only one house where the cake could be delivered and accepted." So you left it at that.

T. Y. (Newcastle).—"My wife is ambitious to have a lovely home, but I maintain that parquet-flooring throughout would be above us." On the contrary—beneath you.

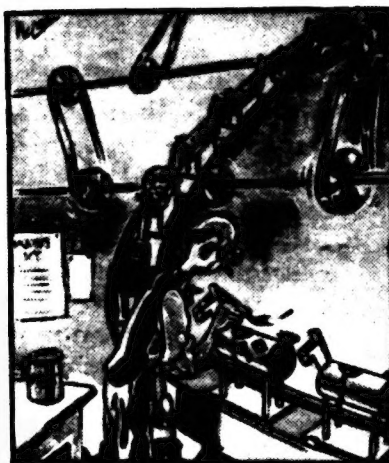
T. M. B. (London, W.).—"A retired West End hotel chef has started in business as an income-tax expert." He should have no difficulty in helping people to fill up their forms.

Mrs. R. K. (Alperton).—"A heavy down-pour of rain prevented my husband from digging up the garden, so he spent the afternoon gloomily meditating the scene through the window." Turning it over in his mind?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, a matter of a purely physical nature—you can obtain from the Editor of this paper a letter of advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that is required, and your query will be answered in the next issue of the paper. The replies given here to the various correspondents are for your entertainment.



"Bullets" Illustrated:
Now Dad has a concertina—Pictures
"Engagements"—Mother, Divorce!



"I'm sick of spots, I'm going to make squares"—from the "Passing Show"

CHEMIST (Aberdeen).—"Business is so bad that I find I can dispense with my assistant." And without him, apparently.

Mrs. F. (Brighton).—"My husband always delights in kissing me under the mistletoe." See letter below.

Mrs. F. (Brighton).—"One has to keep up stupid customs at Christmas, however much one dislikes them." See letter above.

E. S. (Mayfair).—"One can be killed socially by an unfortunate snapshot." Death from exposure, so to speak.

MUSICIAN (Leicester).—"I knew I shouldn't get the job when he asked me to play a difficult sonata on the violin." He had you on a piece of string.

Jim (Bristol).—"People never seem to get tired of reminding me that, as a young man, I poached a hare and was had up in court." The game wasn't worth the scandal.

O. N. (Hoxton).—"When the man rushed at me I felled him with an uppercut, hoisted him on my shoulder and took him to the police-station." Dot and carry one.

L. P. S. (Poole).—"He did not realise that I had swallowed the ten-shilling note and was greatly surprised when I refused to accede to his bullying demands." He didn't think you had it in you.

N. G. (Becontree).—"Now that the dangerous tree which my neighbour and I quarrelled over has been brought down by the wind, our differences have disappeared." Blown over, in fact.

Mrs. O. M. (Stafford).—"My eldest son is now working in the pottery trade." We hope he's shaping well.

MANAGER (Palmouth).—"I find that the most popular singers are those with deep voices." They go down well.

R. W. (Norwich).—"My wife is always ready to drop her dishes when a variety concert is being broadcast." It's a break for her.

VOCALIST (Ipswich).—"Nearly a minute after I had finished my song the audience commenced to applaud." The next artiste?

F. N. (Kensington).—"Can you suggest an original and topical entertainment for a London hostess?" What about a Gas Masked Ball?

GARDENER (Hendon).—"We shall have to wait for spring before things get a move on." Then everything in the garden's lively.

G. V. (Totnes).—"Before I had time to take off my hat and coat, I was asked to relate my experience of bagging a lion in Africa." Feat first.

"Tex" (Leven).—"We caught a burglar recently through his practice of hoarding the proceeds of his robberies." The thief in the loot.

Jock (Glasgow).—"As I stood on the roof of the highest skyscraper ever built, I felt really fine." On top of the world, eh?

P. G. T. (Croydon).—"For the mere cost of my bus fare I get a whole evening's entertainment from the articles in JOHN BULL." Another evening with the Competition pages and you may well be able to afford a car for 1938.

Miss N. (Newport).—"He tried to trick me into buying some flowers at three times their usual price." But you wouldn't have any?

W. L. (Blackheath).—"He endeavoured to get me to enter for a lassoing competition, but I absolutely refused." He couldn't rope you in.

B. S. (Liverpool).—"We've just finished the demolition of a variety theatre, which failed to pay through the extremely dull shows that were put on." You were the first to bring the house down.

F. M. (Kettering).—"In my opinion, when a foreigner settles in this country he pays us a nice compliment." You think that immigration is the sincerest form of flattery?

LANDLADY (Brixton).—"As he has promised to pay extra, I have accepted his request not to give him white bread and butter like all my other boarders have." You do him brown?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humor in the current Press are welcomed. A slip must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the author of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives at the earliest postmark receives the prize.

ABERDEEN PRESS AND JOURNAL.—"Mr. C— is survived by a wife and grown-up WIFE."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.—"... of not reporting possession of a tubercular car to the authorities."

BATH WEEKLY CHRONICLE.—"In appearance it was the baby of a newly-born female child."

THE YORKSHIRE OBSERVER.—"Hardly a glimpse of the exhumation proceedings could be heard."

LEICESTER SPORTS MERCURY.—"Ward led the home forwards in washing style."

THE CROYDON ADVERTISER.—"... in which he said the hod caught a projection and caused him to use his balance."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH.—"D—... play at left half was a revolution."

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST.—"The pool shortage has been intensified by the great influx of refugees..."

"BULLETS"

First Prize, £3
plus £1,000 Cash
£50 R

L. GATHERER,
Roslea Drive, Dec

Example: In Adver
Bulet: Room, Too-
Entered on "Targ

SECOND PRIZE

J. Haddad, 1, Denny
Example: Hitler's F
Bulet: "Territorial"

THIRD PRIZE

M. Brown, 6, W
Example: Courage O
Bulet: Prudence Is

OTHER

£40: W. A. MACDONALD,
Port Talbot, Glam.
Bursting—Generals' A

£30: G. A. BUNTER,
Road, Sydenham, S
In Adversity's Blime
bathing" Now.

£20: M. R. CRUICK,
Charlton, S.E.
Man In The Crowd—

£15: J. W. LEMON,
Walney, Barrow-in-
The Right Mate—Pro
Work.

Entered on "Targ
£16: D. COOPER, 4, E
Remember The World
"Owing" Them!

£14: A. KERR, 85, M
Pushing The Fram-
Critics?

£12: J. W. PHILLIPS,
Ingram, Camberne,
Liberty's Banner—Br
plays.

£10: C. LAMBERT, G
Kighley, Yorks.
In Adversity's Blime
Hardest.

£9 10s.: W. S. DO
Stockport.
Another Year—Grey?

£9: R. CARMICHAEL,
Herts.
In Adversity's Blime
post "Pleasant Visti
Entered on "Sena

£8 10s.: N. BIRCH,
Rugby.
A Little Child—Trust

£8: C. H. CORDER, 8
cham, Surrey.
Christmas Spirit —
Blighter!

£7 10s.: D. ASHLEY,
field.
Upset Parliament—G
ported!

£7: G. W. USHER, 41,
Leeds.
Life To-morrow—Whi

£6 10s.: W. BARKER,
Mitcham, Surrey.
Hitler's Problem —
"Garden."

£6: N. STOCKHILL, 2
Yorks.
Life To-morrow—But
day.

Entered on "Targ
£5 10s.: J. RUTHER,
Galeshield, N.B.
With A Lordly Air-
coat Button!

TWO OF

M. GREENE, Hough
folk.
The Right Mate—Bac
A. T. REES, 2, Porth
Hitler's Problem—In
Models!

A list of all other con
with 100 stamps, 100
and 250 Post winners, o
of "John Bull."

READ THESE

1. The First Prize was
in the opinion of the ju
the Editor, is the best
other prizes in order o
cleverness, aptness and
undertakes that every l
careful consideration h
qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts
coupon and a postal o
the rate of 6d. for ea
This must be made pa
crossed "J.B. Co., Ltd.
date of posting must
postal order, the numbe
noted on each coupon i
not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decisi
dispute arising in conne
tion must be accepted a
ing in all respects and
is an express condition
of the Prize. The Editor
Galehouse Press Ltd. an
eligible to compete.

"BULLETS" 1,000 RESULT

First Prize, £3 Weekly for Life plus £1,000 Cash—or £2,000 and £50 Radiogram

L. GATHERER, c/o Alexander, 64, Roslea Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

Example: In Adversity's Blizzard
Bullet: Rome, Too—But Singing.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £100:

J. Haddad, 1, Sandy Crescent, Kennington, S.E.
Example: Hitler's Problem
Bullet: "Territorial"—Reason I'm One!

THIRD PRIZE £50:

M. Brown, 6, West Street, Lismore, Co. Waterford.
Example: Courage Counts When
Bullet: Prudence Is "Reckoned" Cowardice.

OTHER PRIZES:

£40: W. A. MACDONALD, 13, Theodore Road, Port Talbot, Glam.
Bursting—Generals' Arteries. "New Blood."

£30: G. A. HUNTER, 9a, Crystal Palace Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.
In Adversity's Blizzard—He "Peel'd"—"Sun-bathing" Now.

£20: M. R. CROSS, 124, Marlboro' Lane, Charlton, S.E.
Man In The Crowd—"Girl In Million"—Us.

£15: J. W. LEON, 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walsley, Barrow-in-Furness.
The Right Mate—Proved "Sport"—Improved Work.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£10: D. COOPER, 4, Basil Street, Huddersfield.
Remember The Workless And—What Poverty's "Giving" Them!

£14: A. KERR, 85, Mearns Road, Glasgow.
Pushing The Pram—How Many Birth-rate Critics?

£12: J. W. PHILLIPS, 2, Mayne's Row, Tucknham, Camberne.
Liberty's Banner—British Newsboy Still Displays.

£10: C. LAMBERT, Quarry Cottages, Steeton, Kilsley, Yorks.
In Adversity's Blizzard—Her Tears "Sting" Hardest.

£9 10s.: W. S. DOBSON, 26, Alma Road, Stockport.
Another Year—Grey? Dove Can "Colour."

£9: R. CARRICKHILL, "Northover," Goffs Oak, Herts.
In Adversity's Blizzard—Temptation's "Sign-post" "Pretty Visible."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

£8 10s.: N. BIRCH, 97, Claremont Road, Rugby.
A Little Child—Trusts Me—Will Toyshop?

£8: C. H. CARDER, 25, Greenwood Road, Mitcham, Surrey.
Christmas Spirit—"Best Wishes, You Brighter!"

£7 10s.: D. ASHLEY, 4, Barrow Road, Stretford.
Upset Parliament—Slump In Popularity Reported!

£7: G. W. USHER, 41, Harlech Road, Beeston, Leeds.
Life To-morrow—Whim—Wisened!

£6 10s.: W. BARKER, 22, Beechholme Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.
Hitler's Problem—Large "Family"—No "Garden."

£6: N. STOCKHILL, 29, Rose Avenue, Whitby, Yorks.
Life To-morrow—But Lifelessly Preached To-day.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£5 10s.: J. RUTHERFORD, 15, Stirling Street, Galashiels, N.B.
With A Lordly Air—Taxpayer Undid Waistcoat Button!

TWO OF £5 EACH:

M. GREENE, Houghton, King's Lynn, Norfolk.
The Right Mate—Bachelor Seeking—For Sock!
A. T. REED, 2, Forth Terrace, Llandysul.
Hitler's Problem—Insomnia? Count Goering's Models!

A list of all other cash prize-winners, together with 50 stamps, 100 Turkey, 200 Xmas Cake and 200 Food winners, can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /s. Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of John Bull Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

JOHN BULL OFFERS

20 Win a Prosperous New Year with 2, 3 or 4 words

£300 (1st PRIZE)

GIFT PENSIONS and GIFT PENSION

50 of 10/- 250 of 2/6 3 0 0

FINE CHEQUES

SPECIAL NEW YEAR PRIZES

Complete collections of "Bullets" Bulletin and "Crossword Gazette" for 1937, supplied in handsome binding cover.

8,000 OTHER AWARDS

CIGARETTES NEWSPAPERS CHOCOLATES OR STOCKINGS FREE

Winning a "Gift Pension" in this contest entitles you to a regular supply of Cigarettes, Newspapers, Chocolates or Stockings FOR 5 YEARS!

Spend Your Christmas Leisure Profitably!

MAKE good use of your Christmas leisure and you can score a big Bullets New Year success, for one of the Bullets you make up over the holidays may well bring you £300 and a Gift Pension, consisting of a free supply of Cigarettes, Newspapers, Chocolates or Stockings for the next five years.

One of these novel Gift Pensions will also accompany each of this Contest's big supporting cheques. These splendid 3-in-1 prizes are followed by 300 special New Year awards and altogether 8,230 prizes are waiting for winners in this notable offer.

THE WAY TO WIN

JUST read slowly through the interesting list of Examples and jot down, say, half a dozen on which to work. Then against each of your selected Examples make a note of all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind.

Since a completed Bullet must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely fitted to the chosen Example, your next step must be to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the Example CHILDREN NEED, you had scribbled down Fresh Air As Well As Good Food. From that simple and obvious idea you could easily produce the typical Bullet, CHILDREN NEED—"APPLES" IN CHERRY, TOO.

Before commencing to make your own Bullets study closely the good points of the leading winners in our 1,000th Contest on this page.

Then start on the Examples, remembering that your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, January 1.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"**(Competition No. 1,101)**

BRITAIN'S WEALTHY, BUT CHILDREN NEED TO PLEASE HITLER EATING AND DRINKING IN THE INTERNATIONAL GAME IDEAL HUSBY EYE-WASH EVERYTHING SEEMED ROSEY WHEN HOMEWARD BOUND OUT OF BEST FOR A RAINY DAY DRIPPING OFF BRIGHT AND CREEPY IN THE UNEMPLOYED'S HOME DEADLY GERM EASILY MADE MARTYRS STILL OPEN BEYOND ME SHE BOUGHT A HAT AND DIDN'T GIVE A HOOT HERPES'S SLINDER TURNED HER HEAD WHEN AUNTIE STARTED OUR MILEMAN SHE'D BE PERFECT IF IN THE MARKET TAKES THE DISCOUNT WHEN THE REVELLERS RETURNED TO END POVERTY IT'S THE, SO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

ENTRY-FEE—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

GIVE YOURSELF THIS XMAS PRESENT!

TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' supply of Bullets Bulletin, "John Bull's" free weekly and for would-be winners. I have affixed 3d. in stamp to this coupon for postage.

Affix 1½ stamp here

Affix 1½ stamp here

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

EXAMPLE**BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET**

(1,101) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing postmark SAT. Jan. 1. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE**BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET**

(1,101) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing postmark SAT. Jan. 1. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1.

EXAMPLE**BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET**

(1,101) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing postmark SAT. Jan. 1. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

EXAMPLE**BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET**

(1,101) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing postmark SAT. Jan. 1. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,101 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,101, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

Happy Xmas to "Bulletereers" and a successful new Year!

